JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 57. SATURDAY, JULY 6th, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

SEVEN PER CENT. SHARES IN BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED, FOUNDERS OF THE BUSINESS SO WELL KNOWN AS Boots CASH CHEMISTS.

A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1886).

CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, STATIONERS, &c.

ISSUE OF 145,000 £1 SEVEN PER CENT. "B" PREFERRED ORDINARY SHARES

(Being Balance of a Series of 245,000 Shares).

Subscriptions at 22s. 6d. per Share are invited for 145,000 "B" Preferred Ordinary Shares, payable in full on Application. The 2s. 6d. per Share Premium will be carried to General Reserve Fund.

The Shares now offered confer the right to a fixed Dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum (non-cumulative), and are preferential to the Ordinary Shares both as to Dividend and Capital, but confer no further right to participate in profits or surplus assets.

The Auditor's Certificate shows the annual profits of the Company for the last two years to have averaged £44,290 per annum, an increase of over 35 per cent. on the average profits for the previous two-and-a-half years. The average annual profit so shown is sufficient to pay the whole of the Dividends of all the Preference and Preferred Ordinary Shares, exclusive of the present issue, and to leave over £20,700 surplus profits, out of which only £10,150 is required for the annual Dividends on the present issue of 145,000 Shares. This is without taking into account additional profits which will arise from the use of the additional capital.

It is intended to pay Dividends on the present issue half-yearly, the first Dividend being payable on December 31, 1907. Dividends will run from date of Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

JESSE BOOT, Nottingham (Managing Director).
JOHN GIBBS, Campbell House, Bromley, Kent.
ALBERT THOMPSON, The Pines, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

BANKERS.—NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., London, Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, etc.

SOLICITORS.—WELLS AND HIND, Fletcher Gate, Nottingham.

AUDITORS.—SHARP, PARSONS AND CO., Chartered Accountants, Birmingham and London.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—Station Street, Nottingham.

CITY OFFICE.—29, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

HISTORY OF THE COMPANY.

Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., has attained its present proportions after a growth of over thirty years, under the control of the present Managing Director, by whom the business was carried on as a private concern up to 1883, when it was incorporated as a private limited company. In 1888 it was reconstructed to allow a proportion of the Shares being allotted to the Directors and their friends, but without any public issue. The profitable nature of the business will appear from the Auditor's Certificate. Starting originally with one retail shop, many others were added, and side by side with this retail trade grew a large manufacturing and import business in drugs and other articles. Mainly with a view of leaving the Company free to develop the manufacturing and import branch, in 1892 it was decided to form the then existing retail portion of the business into the new public company, which is now so well known as Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern), Ltd. Since that time three other Associated Companies have been formed—viz.: Boots Cash Chemists (Western), Ltd., Boots Cash Chemists (Lancashire), Ltd., and Boots Cash Chemists (Southern), Ltd. Some idea of the business done by the Associated Companies may be derived from the fact that they have a staff of over 450 Fully Qualified Chemists, and the popularity of the Companies with the investing public may be seen when it is stated that the number of Shareholders in all the Companies aggregates over 13,000. All the Associated Companies purchase their supplies from the parent Company under mutually satisfactory arrangements. Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., has thus a unique and ever-widening field of operation. For business reasons it might be inadvisable to give a detailed balance-sheet of the Company, but a summary thereof is appended:—

SUMMARY OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

(Summarised from Balance-sheet, dated March 31, 1907, as certified by the Auditors, Messrs. Sharp, Parsons and Co.).

CAPITAL AND LIABILITIES.

Authorised Capital, £600,000.		
Paid-up Capital		£392,200 0 0
Sundry Creditors (including Current Accounts)		149,909 6 6
Branch Managers' Fund		1,313 13 10
Depreciation Fund		44,485 1 2
Reserve Funds (including Contingency Fund	£90,392 10 0	
Balance of Undivided Profits	42,347 19 4	132,740 9 4
		£720,648 10 10

PROPERTY AND ASSETS.

Freehold and other Properties, Fittings, Working Plant and Stock-in-Trade		£515,392 5 1
Investments in Associated Companies		72,870 0 0
Sundry Debtors, Current Accounts of Associated Companies and Cash in Hand		120,872 5 5
		£709,134 10 6
Goodwill		11,514 0 4
		£720,648 10 10

WHY FURTHER CAPITAL IS REQUIRED.

The rapid increase of the business has rendered larger stocks and increased office, warehouse and manufacturing accommodation imperative. Considerable sums have been expended in acquiring long leases of the London Offices and Warehouses, and the Company has also lately purchased the Freehold of the extensive range of Warehouses comprised in the Island Street Works at Nottingham, and a large area of adjoining land. It is intended to remodel the present buildings in Island Street and to extend them, whilst at the same time providing all the most modern appliances throughout for the more efficient and economical working of the manufacturing departments

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

"To the Directors of Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd.

"We hereby certify that we have audited the Books and Accounts of your Company for the past 19 years.

"The Annual Profits for the past two years have been as follows:—

"For the year ending March 31, 1906 ..... £39,814.

"For the year ending March 31, 1907 ..... 48,766.

"(or an Average Annual Profit of £44,290.)

"These profits are after charging all working and business expenses, including interest, maintenance and repairs, and after providing liberally for depreciation, but are before providing for Directors' Fees and remuneration to the Managing Director.

"The average profit for 1906 and 1907 is more than 35 per cent. in advance of the average for the previous two-and-a-half years, which two-and-a-half years' average was 30 per cent. in advance of the previous three years.

"Each of these years has shown an increased profit over the preceding year.

"The half-year included in the above calculation arises from a change made during the period in question in the date of making up the annual accounts—viz., from September 30 in each year to March 31.

"SHARP, PARSONS AND CO.,
"Chartered Accountants.

"Birmingham,
"June 17, 1907."

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Company's Bankers, at the Branch Shops of Boots Cash Chemists, or at the Offices of the Company, Station Street, Nottingham.

The Directors retain the right of declining to allot, or of allotting a smaller numbers of Shares than applied for, to any applicant.

Dated June 21, 1907.

(FOURTH APPLICATION.)

It is not proposed to Allot more than 100,000 Shares of this Issue at 22s. 6d. per Share at present. The balance (45,000 Shares) will be retained for future Allottment, in all probability at an increased premium.

Less than 10 Shares will not be Allotted excepting to Shareholders in the Associated Companies.

GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME

WORLD-WIDE.

Why Not Buy Your Own Country House?

LONDON 25 MILES. STATION 10 MINUTES.

GOOD FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW with one acre for

£270.

Good Roads. Water laid on. Near Village.

LAND FROM £35 AN ACRE.

Possession on Payment of 10 per cent., balance spread over 21 years. Free Deeds. No Law Costs. No Survey Fees.

Write for full particulars and large illustrated book of estates in eleven different counties, or, if possible, call.

HOMESTEADS (R) Ltd.,

37, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

Vol. III. No. 57. Saturday, July 6th, 1907. One Penny.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
MATINEE, EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2 (doors open, 1.40).
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

BIRKBECK BANK.
Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

WHY PAY RENT?
The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment
DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free. GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

We have inaugurated a system under which the cover of every copy of JOHN BULL bears a distinctive number.

Every week, commencing from July 13th (the interval being necessary for trade purposes), we shall select ten of such numbers by ballot—in the presence of a notary or some other public official—and *to the holder of each of such numbers we shall be prepared to pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our sales.* We have already pointed out that every reader has daily opportunities, without interference with his present occupation, of getting us new subscribers.

The scheme is in no sense a lottery. The £5 is paid in return for a week's assistance. We are desirous of further increasing our sales, and we prefer to have canvassers who are already readers and are consequently most likely to further our interests.

Any reader holding one of the drawn numbers has simply to produce the cover, or that portion of it containing the number and date of issue, and, in return for doing his best for one week to obtain us new readers, we pay him the £5.

The numbers drawn on July 13th will be published in our issue of July 20th, and will relate to our issue of June 15th. Thereafter ten numbers will be announced each week, those published on July 27th relating to our issue of June 22nd, and so on from week to week.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We took the liberty of absenting ourselves from the House during the debate on the "momentous" resolution against the House of Lords. We heard the speech of the Prime Minister, which would have done credit to any debating society, and we heard the first sentences of the speech of Mr. Balfour. "C.-B." had wound up with the palpable peroration "the Commons shall prevail," and "A. B." started by saying that that phrase exactly defined the issue between the two parties. There was an outburst of cheering from the Liberals and an awkward silence on the part of the Tories. Then "A. B." explained what he meant. Said he, he did, "Aren't THE PEOPLE to be considered?" And then we fled. The next thing we remember is standing by the Speaker's chair at eleven o'clock on the Wednesday night, waiting for the division. Earl Percy was haranguing the House in a speech which would have done credit to the Cogers' Hall, and then Mr. Asquith wound up with one which would not. And then, taking all our courage in our hands, we marched forward to the Lobby—and the deed was done. There had been no bloodshed, but a great revolution had been effected. Revolution by resolution.

We neither voted for nor against the Labour amendment, which declared that the Second Chamber ought to go—lock, stock, and barrel. Had the words "as at present constituted" been added, we would have been there. But so long as we retain our party system (which is rotten to the core) we *must* have a Second Chamber of some kind. Only the hereditary principle must go. There is no room for such an element in a democratic constitution. We like good blood, in horse and man, but we prefer to select the strain.

As regards the Government plan, it is the old, old story—barking instead of biting. Those Whigs again! Ministers have taken a sort of lovers' walk to their goal. They have taken the shortest cut by the longest way round. At the best, or at the worst, long, weary months will be spent by Liberal Ministers in conferring, and re-conferring, and re-re-conferring with the Lords as to the form in which their measures shall reach the Statute Book. Yet delays are as little to be suffered at the hands of an irresponsible, non-elected, and hereditary body in a free community as open, impudent, and cynical rejections. What is passed now is a resolution which exhausts the obvious. If the House of Lords, to save their own skins, prove more reasonable in their treatment of Liberal measures, it may well be that the effective Bill will be eventually crowded out of the Government programme, and the absolute veto of their lordships will remain as it is. Conferences with the House of Lords are really conferences with the Tory party; and for a Liberal Government to set up a right for a party to be beaten at the polls and beaten in the Commons to delay legislation, seems to us a perilous absurdity. However, the Whigs are with us, and, as things are, there's an end on't.

Perhaps it was only coincidence that while the House of Commons were debating this "momentous" problem, the Lords were busy discussing the Army Bill; so busy that they were unable to tear themselves away from their duties till midnight. The spectacle of their lordships sacrificing themselves for their country and declining to go home till morning is refreshing. During the course of the deliberations, that great Pro-consul, Lord Milner, announced that he was a follower of Lord Roberts, and declared it was impossible to secure a satisfactory army by a rigid adherence to the voluntary system. If we had our way in the framing of a Conscription Act we should certainly see to it that those eminent persons who had screamed the most for it should go to the forefront of the army at the throbbing of the war drum. Their grey hairs should not protect them. You remember the old story: "Ah, my friends," said the orator, "it is sweet to fight for your country," and being interrupted by the query, "Then why don't *you* go and fight?" there came the crushing reply, "That's just it, my friend, *I don't like sweet things.*"

Mr. C. J. Stewart as Public Trustee will never do. He is the one man in the world who should *not* be selected. A failure as Clerk to the County Council, a failure as Official Receiver under the Companies' Acts, a failure as chairman of Allsopp's—three positions which he owed to private social influences—he is now to be pitchforked into this new and snug berth. Of course, we are fully aware that in most Government appointments the absence of brains is a recommendation rather than a drawback; but our objection to Mr. Stewart is based upon something more than mental incapacity. A trustee, whether public or private, should be a man of exceptionally judicial, impartial temperament—incapable of importing malice or bias into his work. This is exactly what Mr. Stewart is not. Whilst he was Official Receiver we came a good deal into contact with him, in the course of the Hansard Union litigation. In the final trial, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury, we charged Mr. Stewart with animus and foul play. We suggested that he had deliberately distorted facts and suppressed evidence, and had resorted to every possible device, from personal and unworthy motives, to secure a conviction. And here is an extract from the official shorthand notes of the summing-up:—

> Mr. Justice Hawkins: I am not at all sure that in some of his comments upon the character of the evidence of Mr. Stewart, Mr. Bottomley was altogether unjustified in speaking as he did. *I should be telling you an untruth if I were to say that I could see no trace of hostility in Mr. Stewart.* . . When I come to look at the Information (sworn by Mr. Stewart), there are three or four things in it which I think had better not have been presented in the way in which they were presented. . . *I do not like exaggeration such as I have endeavoured to point out to you.*"

And this is the man whom it is now proposed to appoint to the responsible and quasi-judicial post of Public Trustee.

The *Daily News* must look to its arithmetic. Speaking of the Jarrow election the other day, it stated that "the Northumberland Plate has monopolised interest among three-fourths of the electors." It then tells us that Mr. Rose-Innes, the Tory candidate, had made a "topical bid for popularity" by going to the races, whilst Mr. Hughes, the Liberal, "took advantage of respite from active campaign work to dispose of accumulated correspondence." And then, after discussing the prospects of the Socialist and Nationalist candidates, our dear contemporary concludes: "Mr. Hughes can afford to smile while the fight of the factions is waged." We have no opinion as to the result of the contest. For aught we know, Mr. Hughes may "romp in"—or he may not. But if we were he, we should not feel elated at the idea of "three-fourths of the electors" going to the races with one of our opponents, leaving the other quarter for division between ourselves and two and a half other candidates. We might smile, but it would be the kind of smile which *would* come off.

We have been reading with great interest the reasons assigned for some of the Birthday Honours, and we have been wondering how certain of the recipients had been overlooked so long. For instance, we find that Sir John Thomas has been "Treasurer of the South Bucks Liberal Association." Just think of that! Sir Frederick Wilson was "Chairman of the editors who recently visited Germany." Noble fellow! Sir George Judd, "for more than twenty years has been churchwarden of his parish." Ye gods! For more than twenty years! And the country knew nothing about it! Sir Henry Robson is a "Free Church clergyman *and a cousin of Lord MacLaren.*" He deserves his knighthood under either head. But why not a tax on titles, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer? Another million waiting for you.

Our admiration for the enamelled ladies of the music-halls did not run to enthusiasm, and on the whole we cannot pretend to regret that their public appearances are to cease. At the same time, we have no sympathy with the puritanical piffle of the London County Council. Still, the curiosity of the public in regard to living pictures is satisfied. The prohibition has come at a time when they were on the point of outstaying their welcome. The truth is, there was not enough in the exhibition either to satisfy the wicked or corrupt the good, and people who were neither good nor wicked sat mutely tolerant. Far be it from us to sit in judgment on the overpowering call which came to these ladies to exhibit their "altogether" for the uplifting of the artistic taste of the masses. They may now wash off the enamel and rest awhile, with thanks to the London County Council for not having interfered with either the beaux arts or the cash-box till their drawing power was on the wane.

Let us, however, look for a moment at the history of this silly thing. For many months we had "living statuary"—which, in our view, was the dullest thing ever called by the name of amusement—at various London music-halls. And no one objected; at all events, we never heard of them, if they did. Then the spotless soul of Manchester, or Liverpool, or Glasgow or Birmingham—we forget which—seemed to the local ædiles to be in danger if figures bedecked only in waistbands, bismuth and glycerine, and looking far less as God made them than the ordinary sea-bather, were allowed to pose at the music-halls. And then the Cockney prudes bestirred themselves: Tottenham Court Road could not afford in such a cause to be one whit behind the ethical leaders of Ancoats and Salford and Pudsey. So that complaints—not of the statuary but of the advertisements of it—began to assail Spring Gardens. Inspectors from the L.C.C. visited the various halls and reported against action being taken. Stiggins howled the louder! Further inspections were made, and the reports were still against action. The Committee of the L.C.C. entrusted with such matters went thoroughly into the subject; and it recommended that no action be taken. Then, on the eve of the last meeting of the Council (as a result of intrigues that have yet to be explained), the Committee's recommedation was altered suddenly from its original form into a motion expressing a view that the exhibitions are "undesirable.". If the L.C.C. vote meant only what it said, we should agree with it heartily. But it is an abominably Jesuitical vote, conceived in fear of the pro-Puritan and carried in sheer cowardice. The Council dared not say straight out that it would suppress the exhibitions, for it fears the New Spirit for which this journal stands only less than it fears the terrors of that Ecclesiasticism and that Conscience in whose fell

shadow it has been reared. But it reminds us once more that there is need for the watchfulness of all those who would rather see England free than England "good," and whose sentiment of Liberalism is no mere lip-service, but a recognition that the other fellow's social doxy may have its points and anyhow is worthy of respect.

"Last week we addressed a post-card to Mr. Justice Phillimore in reference to his recent statement at the Cambridge Assizes "that the calendar was rather heavy, but that was only to be expected in a county which included Newmarket, the resort of thieves." We have taken the trouble to obtain a copy of the calendar, and find that only one case came from Newmarket, and that did not relate to robbery. No wonder the Newmarket Town Council has sent a remonstrance to the "learned judge."

There seems to be a spirit of unrest all over the world, in spite of much talk about Peace and ententes cordiales. Japan is dictating to the Yankees, and will soon, doubtless, worry the Australians in the same way. India, Russia, France, Portugal, Servia are on the brink or in the throes of revolution. We can remember nothing like it since 1848.

The latest French revolution is a bit of a puzzle to those who do not understand the Tartarin temperament, which would burn a grand-stand after backing a loser, or lynch a general if he beat a strategic retreat. To all outward seeming, the only grievance is that cheap wines have been adulterated, and the authorities are disposed to shield culprits. But that (like the Jew's bit of pork in the thunderstorm) is a small cause for so great a turmoil, and, even if the whole wine-growing industry were threatened, the remedy might surely be found without another revolution.

The question is: Will the wine-growers win, and what will happen if they do? It is all very well to argue that there are many other restive people in the country. Recent attacks on the Roman Catholic Church have alienated whole classes and provinces; there is a strong organisation of revolutionary Socialists; and, once regiments begin to mutiny, discontent may easily become effective. As for the future of France, it is as difficult to foresee now as it would have been in 1793. The republic is rotten, but no alternatives are in sight. The Duke of Orleans is impossible, Don Carlos is not ready, the Buonapartes are forgotten, there is not even an ambitious general in the background. Perhaps the hour will produce the man.

We understand that all possibility of trouble has not been removed in Scandinavia. The Swedes are still very sore about the rough and treacherous way in which the Norwegian revolution was carried out. Gross breaches of laws and treatries and solemn vows must rankle for a long time to come. And it must be remembered that a Swede is as far superior to a Norwegian as a white man is to a Hottentot, so far, at any rate, as culture and civilisation are concerned. We believe, too, that if the Swedes had cared to fight, they could easily have reduced their rebellious neighbours. They benevolently refrained from shedding blood, but they may not always do so if they are provoked beyond endurance. The Norwegian fortresses on the frontier, the Norwegian policy of pin-pricks, the loud bluster which Norway substitutes for diplomacy, might at any moment produce a rupture with far-reaching consequences.

A perusal of the fashionable columns of the *Morning Post* is entertaining just now. All sorts and conditions of people are paying guineas to rush into print with the bewildering announcement that tney were "unavoidably prevented from attending their Majesties' garden-party at Windsor Castle." Some even go the length of explaining what occurred to prevent them. In one case it was a "severe cold." Such excuses might well have been sent to the disappointed hosts, but look queer in the cold columns of a paper. What can be the object of such an announcement, except to convince a wondering world that certain persons on the outskirts of society had contrived to secure a royal invitation? If we had a guinea to throw away, we would make the *Morning Post* tell mankind that "Mr. Smith was unavoidably prevented from attending Mrs. Jones's tea-party owing to a touch of diabetes." And what, pray, is the Curly Poodles Club?

Lord Ridley telegraphed about Sir Henry's House of Lords resolution that it was "bad English and worse policy, and could lead to nothing except early victory of Tariff Reform." If his prophecy be true, he is certainly right about the badness of the policy. But such a confession was unexpected from a prominent Protectionist.

What is the attraction of obtaining a worthless gift for nothing? When a new tube is opened, a preliminary canter is offered free to all comers. There is an immediate rush on the part of the public to travel to the uttermost suburbs, not because anyone wants to visit them, but because no fare is charged. In the same spirit some misguided persons make a practice of applying for every free sample of quack medicine or potato spirit or dog biscuit which a generous advertiser is kind enough to offer. Surely a spark of self-respect should save most people from making fools of themselves by grasping at empty gifts.

One of the saddest parts of such functions as honorary degrees is the licence afforded to undergraduates for the exhibition of very cheap wit. At Oxford they thronged the galleries, and bubbled over with such brilliantly-prepared impromptus as these: "Get your hair cut, Mark"; "Can't you spare some of that white hair to your bald-headed friend"; "Give 'em socks, old man." Another edifying example of the Oxford manner! However, it is quite on a level with the latest specimens of Twain's humour.

By the way, it is amusing to note that the *Tribune* and the *Express* gave pictures of the function, and while one labelled a figure John Morley, the other represented it as Dr. Goudy, the public orator. The pictures were so smudgy that a mistake was, perhaps, excusable.

Lord Northcliffe, D.N., must really try to obtain a nodding acquaintance with the French language before he seeks to instruct us with unnecessary translations of common words. Referring to the little joke at Narbonne about "Clemen-sot," he kindly informs us that "the word sot means the same in French as in English." But surely every schoolboy knows that sot is French for fool and English for a drunkard. The Doctor's French is very sot-sot. (Note for Lord Northcliffe.—The "t" is silent.)

Mr. John Burns announces that he has satisfied himself that in regard to the thrilling question, "What is whisky?" some form of inquiry is necessary, but whether a Royal Commission, a Select Committee, or a Departmental Committee, has not yet been determined. It is certainly time the question was settled, for at present there are millions of people in this country who do not know whether they are drinking whisky or the alcoholic products of timber and potatoes. It seems "a great big shame" that all these people should be kept in doubt as to the difference between the pot still and the patent still, and continue to pay their money and take their choice, on the erroneous assumption that Scotch is Scotch and Irish is Irish. But perhaps they

have a greater grievance in the fact that they do not get much for threepence. If Mr. Burns could by any means prevail on the conductors of places of refreshment to give more for the money—say two for threepence—he would earn the undying gratitude of the race.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., has justified the confidence of his friends by prevailing on the railway men not to issue notices for a strike ballot without a further attempt being made to bring the companies to a reasonable frame of mind. It is difficult to understand what object is served by the companies in refusing to recognise the men's union. The right of the combination of labour is surely as clear as the right of the combination of capital. It is therefore as unreasonable for the companies to refuse to treat with the men's leaders on matters in dispute as it would be for the men to refuse to treat with the railway managers. We understand that the men's executive will make great efforts to avert a strike, but that unless the companies abandon their stiff-necked attitude in the seat of the scornful nothing can avert it. The result of the ballot is a foregone conclusion. It would mean a disastrous struggle between capital and labour, and we are glad the majority of the delegates have put their cause in the hands of so capable and level-headed a leader as Mr. Bell. He is no dreamer, or visionary, but a cool, earnest and determined practical man of business—just the man, indeed, for the present crisis. Let the railway directors and the railway employees pay heed to his counsel, and all will be well.

The *Daily News* has been speaking of instances of long services, and, amongst other interesting examples, mentions the case of "a servant who died a month ago after completing seventy-three years' continuous service in the same family, and who was the proud possessor of more than one decoration, and had been presented with a Bible in commemoration of her faithful service." If the Editor of the *Daily News* will favour us with the name and address of the old servant's benefactor, we, not to be outdone in benevolence, shall be happy to award him—a biscuit.

Bobs is in funds. Some few weeks ago a correspondent sent to one of our contemporaries a sovereign, with a request that it should be devoted to the "Empire's need." Whether he was a Rand magnate or a man who had not yet been noticed by the Commissioners in Lunacy does not appear. In either case he had clearly taken Mr. Chamberlain's advice to think imperially. But the Editor, not knowing what the need of the Empire was for the moment, and being unable to decide whether to spend the sovereign on a battleship or a hank of red tape, appealed to his readers. With a mighty outburst of unintelligence they have decided to send the sovereign to Bobs, "in aid of the scheme for teaching school boys shooting and drill." The probability is that Bobs will split the sovereign into shillings, and the boys who win them will split them into toffee, and the Empire's need will be satisfied.

Prima facie, the Chief Constable of Monmouthshire has taken a somewhat high-handed course in enforcing the suspension of Inspector Groves. A Worsley farmer wrote to the inspector for a licence to remove a pig. The letter did not contain a stamped, addressed envelope, and when he sent the licence the inspector requested the farmer to be good enough to remit a penny stamp, as otherwise the police had no means of recovering the money. As it happens, the police are bound to defray penn'orths of this kind; so the farmer wrote to the Board of Agriculture, the Board of Agriculture communicated with the Chief Constable, and the Chief Constable gave the Inspector the option redundant of voluntary resignation or ignominious sack. We are not at all surprised that there has been a public meeting of protest against the Chief Constable's action. To balance matters we can see no reason why, on the facts, the Monmouthshire County Council should not now make small potatoes of the Chief Constable by insisting on the immediate reinstatement of his subordinate. Unless his proud spirit is brought low, we fear he will soon become afflicted with the delusion that he is the Almighty. Peradventure the right hon. gentleman who is the Board of Agriculture will, meanwhile, cast his light into the darkness.

We have received a copy of the June number of the *St. Michael's Parish Magazine*—St. Michael's, that fine old church at Coventry. The reading of parish magazines is always an elevating occupation. Just listen to this, from the pen of the worthy vicar:—

Oh, how happy should we be,
Blest with contentment,
And from complaining free—
That's all very fine!—all for the fine! When is it coming?
Some say it's gone to Japan—
Japan has an Army and we havn't!
Japan has a Navy, and we havn't!
Japan has Education, and we havn't!
Japan has grand weather, and we havn't!

Prince Fushi-mi had too good manners to express what he thought. What did he think? He'll tell the Mikado when he gets home. Talking of Mikado,

"Here's a pretty mess,
In a month or less
I must die without a wedding;
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress,
Here's a pretty mess!"

Only fancy! all May I haven't had a wedding. Such a thing never known before in St. Michael's. I've lost my fees, but I'll wipe my eyes, for I've got a wedding for June. How much do you think I pocketed by fees for May? Can't tell you—cannot for shame!—ought to have been a matrimonial month, Whitsuntide generally is. When the Lord Chamberlain put a ban on Mikado, he put a ban on my marriage banns, and so none came off. Can I claim compensation? All employees are to have compensation now. I can't claim any, as I am going out of service. I shall have no Wardens to pay up, if I light upon an accident.

The only other extract worth quoting is this:—

The Vicar's Retirement.—On Whit-Sunday, at the Morning Service, the Vicar, from the pulpit, briefly announced his impending retirement at the end of August. He said he was sure that by his action he was promoting the good of St. Michael's.

We do not profess to know much about the matter, but we are inclined to think that the vicar is right.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Award No. 305.

For stating that a bricklayer had obtained £75 damages in the West Hartlepool County Court as compensation for a fatal fall,

THE *EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 306.

For severely reprimanding a prisoner for working a horse in an unfit condition, and afterwards being wheeled home in a bath chair by a man limping with an iron boot,

THE PRESIDING MAGISTRATE AT THE
BRENTFORD POLICE-COURT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 307.

For beating her husband black and blue with the poker, turning him out and bolting the door upon him, and then summoning him for desertion,

A WOOLWICH WOMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Award No. 308.

For placing two inmates of the workhouse on bread and water diet for playing dominoes on Sunday,

THE HAMPSTEAD GUARDIANS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

CLOTHES.

By Jim Crow.

One of the stupidest of Carlyle's essays in broken English was devoted to what he called a philosophy of clothes. It was clumsy, laboured, involved, confusing; all about nothing but the very obvious. Let me therefore try to clear up the very important question:—

Why Wear Clothes?

In the first place, no doubt, for the same reason that the miller wore a white hat. We are exposed to the vicissitudes of a villainous climate, and the habits of many generations have made it impossible for us to rely upon the protection of our natural fur. But that cannot be the only reason. Otherwise, why should we direct missionary effort towards encumbering men and women with garments which are supererogatory in the tropics? No doubt many missionaries are actuated by commercial motives and hope to make a profit by exchanging cotton and wool for ivory and gold. But the great pretext, if not the real reason, is to be found in the vulgar superstition that nakedness is indecent.

But What is Decency?

Surely nothing more than a convention invented for the benefit of various unnecessary trades. Why should it be decent to expose some parts of the human form and not others? Why may I exhibit my arm but not my leg? Why may ladies go about décolletées on a cold winter's night, but not on a canicular day? The fact is, the unwritten law of vesture is so illogical that the simplest questions immediately overwhelm it with ridicule. I remember reading a novel some time ago. It described a cataclysm, which destroyed all the garments in the world. People were shy at first, but before long they went about as usual and noticed nothing. However, they found it very difficult to recognise even their best friends.

Class Distinctions.

I suppose that, if we could really analyse motives, we should find that clothes are worn with the idea of distinguishing the various classes, or else with the hope of adding embellishments which Nature has withheld. In the middle ages, no doubt, it was possible to tell a man by his clothes. Sumptuary laws prevented the new rich from masquerading as the noble or the great. Lords, lawyers, doctors, parsons, rustics, apprentices—in fact, almost everybody wore a prescribed dress, and would never have thought of wearing any other. Now the rising tide of democracy has swept away most sartorial distinctions, until, at dusk of day, a king might be mistaken for a waiter. It is only at public schools, perhaps the most conservative of all our institutions, that sumptuary laws survive. There you will find certain garments restricted to athletes, or scholars, or other eminent boys. Of course, a few professional uniforms survive among us, but the tendency is to reduce them to a minimum. Soldiers are in a constant hurry to rush into mufti, even the clergy are beginning to encroach upon the fashions of the laity, and the doctor's white tie has faded into a memory.

A Down-grade.

On the whole, the levelling has been rather downward than upward. Noblemen only wear their robes and coronets on ceremonial occasions; their plumes and satins and laces have been discarded altogether; even at the universities their gowns no longer differ from those of other undergraduates. Bright colours, as well as fine textures, have been sacrificed, as though, like hunted animals, gentlemen desired to escape notice by adapting themselves to their surroundings. At the other end of the scale, there has been little or no effort at finery or artistic improvement; the one endeavour has been to eliminate variety. Even the niceties of tweeds, frock-coats, bowlers or cylinders, are not a question of class, but of convenience and environment. An earl may be seen playing cricket in a cap while a counterjumper stalks the parks in a silk hat. Oddly enough, only one class retains a distinguishing badge: it is the newest class of all, the plutocracy, and its badge of superfluous gauds and unguents has been adopted automatically.

Innocence is a Lovely Ornament.

Now, my dearly beloved brethren, we will pass from the consideration of clothes as a classification to the discussion of their possibilities as an adornment. If we could steal away from prejudices, we should stain our bodies with woad and vermilion and gold paint, and walk or lie about with bells on our fingers and rings on our toes and ropes of pearls round our necks—in gardens on dog-days, in Turkish baths when the climate was normal. That is to say, those of us who are fortunate enough to ignore the deceitfulness of riches and the dead sea fruits of philanthropy. But since the serpent entered Eden, it has been decreed that we shall wear clothes, and who are we that we should kick against the pricks? Very well. I admit that we must and shall cover our nakedness. But need we ape the wooden toys of Noah's arks and deliberately turn ourselves into monsters as shapeless as jelly-bags and as dingy as Erebus? Our very dandies scarcely dare to emancipate themselves from twilight hues and pterodactyl cuts.

Decaying Dandies.

As a celebrated wit, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, wrote in the *Rambler*, "The wiseacre in deportment, imitating Pericles, will tell you that, among males, he is best dressed whose attire excites the least attention; that we know a man to have been well dressed when no effort can serve to recall the details of his costume. Push this theory to an ultimate catastrophe, and you are bound to admit that the flaming pheasant is less handsomely arrayed than chanticleer of Dorking, Surrey." With such a theory we and I beg leave to differ. We regard it as the eructation of the male frump. Dandy minds survive, perchance, but how timorous, how cringing, what conies they remain. They follow a fashion, when individualism is the patent principle of dress. If they have long shanks, they will patiently eschew checks and elongate themselves in stripes; if they be emaciated, they will obediently don cut-aways and reduce themselves to caricatures of scarecrows. To borrow again from Mr. *Rambler*: "'The Dandies can fight,' said he who gave his name to the boot: let them show that they know how to fight also in the sartorial field."

Female Fashions.

Women, we are told, bear pain in a more Spartan spirit than men. They certainly display far finer bravery in the matter of brave costume. Ever and anon a snuffy sobriety eclipses their riotous imaginations, probably because the best dressmakers are male. But the fair ones soon assert their supremacy, if only by fits and starts. And now their raiment is almost as fantastic as it has ever been since the Norman Conquest or the Flood. The Victorian age damped even their ardour, but they are recovering fast, and they display all the courage of the imagination of their tradesmen. They are veritable Amazons in their stalwart resistance of the Spirit of the Age. An automatic process of levelling is at work. *Souvent femme varie*, more particularly where clothes are concerned. She is ashamed to appear in a dress which may be recognised as having been worn before. So, in a few days, or weeks, or months, she sells her favourite confections to a second-hand bureau, which supplies the needs of Tooting or Balham, or the servants' hall. In less than no time a fashion percolates to South Kensington; in a week it is at Earl's Court; in a month it is the plaything of shop-girls and scullery-maids in the suburbs. But long ere that dread day, the shrewd lady of fashion, with all the intrepidity of a Boer general, has taken cover inside some wholly different garb. For ever skirmishing and countermarching and enfilading, she is never brought to bay.

Wake Up, Ye Barbers' Blocks!

One secret of her success lies in the fact that she is never ashamed to talk about her clothes, while your mere man might despise the topic as beneath his dignity. If only smoking-rooms would taboo salacious anecdotes and malicious gossip, and resolve their members into committees to determine the cut and colour of coats, the precise curl of hatbrims, or the propriety of velvet collars, men might begin to hold their own. For our present dowdiness is mainly due to our abject indifference.

The Horse Show.—A remarkable instance of the foresight of modern advertisers was the recent advertisement for the celebrated "Craven Mixture" in the Catalogue and Daily Programmes of the International Horse Show. A cleverly-illustrated advertisement asserted most emphatically that "the whole world comes to Britain for the best blood-stock; and for the same reason the whole world comes to Britain for the best pipe mixture." The article was, of course, written before the Exhibition, but, as the results of the Show proved, it was a correct forecast of what would occur. British-bred horses carried everything before them.—[Advt.]

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IN THE CITY.

THE TOBACCO TRADE.

We have received from Mr. Arthur B. Jarvis, of Henderson, Ky., the following letter, under date June 15, 1907.

"Enclosed I hand you an editorial taken from our evening paper of June 13, in answer to an article lately appearing in the *Times* Supplement, re 'The British Tobacco Trade,' which I trust will be of interest to your paper.

"The solution of the problem, to my mind, after 27 years in the business—five years in Liverpool and 22 years on this side, shipping tobacco to the Old Country—the salvation of manufacturers of roll and other cheap sorts rests in another revision of the Tobacco Duties, producing a lower rate on the raw material, thus enabling the 'Working Man' to get his pipe at 2½d. per oz., with a limitation of moisture, and, in addition, an ad valorem Stamp Tax on the highly-protected proprietary package business of the Combine and others, on which the former make their enormous profits.

"Duty, as collected, is not equitable, the burden, as usual, falling upon the poor man, and now it has been suggested, to off-set higher cost of raw material, adding more water to his already prohibitive and nauseous smoke."

We commend Mr. Jarvis' suggestion to the trade. The article he sends us is from the *Henderson Evening Journal*, and is a very lucid and able review of the tobacco situation. In the article in the *Times*, to which Mr. Jarvis refers, it was truly stated that "the position of the tobacco trade from the manufacturers' point of view does not improve as time goes on. The prices of leaf continue to advance steadily, and although the Imperial Tobacco Company, known in the trade as the 'Combine,' has succeeded in increasing its profits to £1,787,000, and the dividend on the deferred shares from 8 to 10 per cent., other manufacturers have to admit a falling off in profits, which they attribute mainly to the higher prices ruling for raw material."

Although there are 59,000 more retailers as compared with ten years ago, the number of manufacturers is steadily decreasing, and it would be necessary to go back nearly forty years to find so small a number as the present. In Scotland the number has never been so small since the licenses were instituted. The significance of these figures is unmistakable. The retailers increase in number by leaps and bounds, the manufacturers are going out of business, while the "Combine" is able to raise the dividend on its deferred shares from 8 to 10 per cent. When we bear in mind that to a very large extent the retailers are "tied houses," tied, that is, to the "Combine," the end can easily be foreseen. There is an increased consumption of "Combine" goods, through "Combine" retailers, at prices profitable to the "Combine," whilst concurrently the manufacturer is getting tired of playing a game where the other fellow holds all the trumps.

The writer in the *Times* notes the steady advance of the cost of raw material, and calls it a very serious matter, especially for those manufacturers who are outside the "Combine." Precisely, serious for those who have no stocks. He rightly attributes the advance to a curtailed production, an increased consumption, and a higher cost of labour, and he notes that the medium and low grades—the "Ordinary Kentucky strips chiefly used for the manufacture of cheap shag and rolled tobaccos"—are about doubled in prices. There is the crux of the trouble. The manufacturers not in the "Combine" are, to a very great extent, manufacturers of the cheaper grades, the staple of the British artisan and labourer, what we might call the bread and butter of the trade. On those staple articles the profit is small and depends in great measure on a large and rapid turnover; the public will not stand for more than a slight advance in the retail price, if it will stand for any, and consequently the business has arrived at the unsatisfactory stage where it is "swapping pennies" and no more. This condition the "Combine" views with equanimity; its command of the trade is less in shag and roll tobaccos than in the fancy package of smoking tobacco and in the cigarette. Here it may be said to reign supreme.

It is to be noted that the Imperial Tobacco Company includes no Irish firm in the "Combine," and it is Ireland which alone in the revenue's list shows no falling off in the number of its manufacturers. Does anyone believe that this is mere accident—that it is no more than a coincidence—that in Scotland, where the Imperial Tobacco Company is all but a monopoly, the number of manufacturers is at its lowest, and in Ireland, where the "Combine" does not own a single plant, the number is stationary?

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The *Times* suggests two remedies. One, to increase the permissive moisture from 35 to 40 per cent., so as to facilitate the production of that indispensable article, tobacco at 3d. per oz., and, alternatively, to raise tobacco in the British Empire. The first is a fraud on the consumer, neither more nor less; the second, a phantasy suited only to an after-dinner speech to Colonial Premiers at the South Kensington Institute.

The time, says our American contemporary, has come for plain words. The British tobacco trade is of vital concern to Kentucky in general and to Henderson in particular; it has been allowed to drift into a precarious condition unwarranted by its mere statistics and to be understood only by a full realisation of its basic features. If anyone can suggest an adequate remedy, even though it be revolutionary in character, he should be welcome.

Let us recapitulate the main features of the situation:—

Consumption is increasing.
Independent stocks are decreasing.
Retailers are gaining in numbers.
Independent manufacturers are losing in numbers.
Their profits are disappearing.
The Combine's profits are growing.
The 3d. article shows a loss.
The package trade a profit.
The "Combine" has a big package trade.
The Independents have a big 3d. trade.

Pump in more water, says the *Times*' correspondent; sell the labouring man water in place of and at the price of tobacco; let the well-to-do buy their packages as of yore. Simple, but not honest.

Why not, asks our American contemporary, tax the well-to-do instead? Why not let the bulk trade make a living profit by reducing the import duty on the raw article, and make up the difference to the revenue by a stamp tax on packages, either ad valorem or specific? Packages of smoking mixtures and of cigarettes are very profitable; they constitute the backbone of the "Combine"; their brands, merely as brands, have a recognised value not easily to be over-estimated, and, being proprietary, make a combine possible in Great Britain and in the United States. The Imperial Tobacco Company, like the American Tobacco Company, is not innocent of water; we will admit a difference in degree, but it is young yet and may acquire the taste. It has capitalised earnings as did its model, earnings made possible by the highly protective customs regulations of the Imperial Government, which, in sanctioning its incorporation, licensed the biggest and most injurious manufacturing monopoly in the Empire.

Tax the package, that is our remedy—tax the package and reduce the import duty. Give the independent a chance to fight for his life; mayhap, when he finds his life is secure he may think of securing a livelihood. The British public is conservative, it has known "shag" and "returns" and "roll" for generations, it demands them at 3d. an oz., or thereabouts, as heretofore. Put the manufacturer where he can meet this demand with an honest article and an honest profit. And as to the cigarette and the mixture, let them bear a stamp as do patent medicines; they also are proprietary articles selling as much by virtue of their brand as on their merits; they are rich in profits, and when all else is lean, they enable the Imperial Tobacco Company to gladden the hearts of its deferred stockholders with an additional 2 per cent.

HOIGHTY, TOIGHTY.

A Scarborough correspondent writes to us to say that he has received three or four letters from S. Glover and Co., of 79½, Gracechurch Street, and that not having had any dealings with this firm the correspondence appears to be "very high-handed." Here is a specimen:—

"Dear Sir,—I am disappointed at not receiving a reply from you. The reason, of course, cannot be disguised from me. I am a perfect stranger, you—well—you want some sort of security that you will be treated straightforwardly. I can give you no security whatever. I *could* make a lot of show; advertise extensively, for instance, or publish a book. That sort of thing goes well with most people, with the result that they keep to themselves. I am not of this class. I have had the strict discipline of a Stock Exchange membership for a great number of years, which I am now prepared to place at your service. I have told you before, and I tell you again, that I am here to get my living. My offices are for my use, not for show; my clerks are those who have been with me for years, and who rally round me. Turn up any Stock Exchange list of members, and you will find my name there up to March. Is not a straightforward dealer better than all the gilt of a 'bucket-shop'? Must I issue a newspaper daily to come down to what is best to buy? Surely it is better to have the advice of a man who has moved—had his being, as it were—in these things, than to take the so-called 'tip' of a 30s. a week scribe to an 'outsider' paper."

It is surely a significant sign of the times when members of the "House" begin to relinquish their positions to join the noble army of "Outside Brokers." We congratulate Mr. Glover upon getting so rapidly into his stride.

KYNOCH'S, LIMITED.

We publish below an interesting letter from a well-informed correspondent upon the controversy between the Government and Kynoch's. The controversy has been closed by Kynoch's submission to the demands of the Home Office. The importance of the point in dispute is hinted at by our correspondent. It may not be generally known that a Japanese Committee of Inquiry came to the conclusion that their flagship was blown up in consequence of impure cordite decomposing. Our correspondent writes:—

> Kynoch's, as you are aware, have used mercury in the cordite they have supplied to the Government. H.M. Inspectors say it was used as a masking agent to enable them to pass off insufficiently purified explosives; their statement is that they used it for the purpose of preventing fungoid growth, *i.e.*, mildew.
>
> First, fungoid growth is highly improbable. Many in the trade all their lives have never seen it, and don't believe it can exist in *nitro glycerine* compounds. If fungoid growth did appear it would only be after considerable time, and in consequence of damp storage, but it would *not concern* the manufacturer, as directly he makes cordite it is sent up to Woolwich for acceptance, when, if it passes, the cheque is paid immediately, and no more is heard about it.
>
> Secondly, a minute trace of mercuric chloride (corrosive sublimate) is sufficient to mask the Abel heat test; it will enable a badly-purified sample to appear good. The test for these traces of mercury has only recently been developed, and manufacturers were under the impression that, however much they might be suspected, nothing could be proved against them. The obvious advantage in the use of this "fake" is: It saves trouble, time and expense, as the process of purification has not to be carried so far, and it prevents rejections on the score of heat test, which is very important, as this is often a difficulty.
>
> The Home Office are obliged to insist on a certain standard of purification, as cordite is stored in magazines and ships all over the Empire and badly-purified stuff *might* decompose and cause disaster, as in the case of the French battleship "Jena."

The accounts of the Company recently published show that the profits of the year ended March last are much less than those of the previous year—£72,656 as against £93,040—and so far as the explosive section of the business is concerned, it may be taken that the profits—if there were profits—were insignificant, owing to the suicidal competition between the companies engaged in the trade. The halcyon days of Kynoch's were during the South African war, when for three successive years the profits rose to over £100,000. As matters stand, the 10 per cent. paid on the ordinary shares has not been earned, and ought not to have been distributed.

THE WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, LIMITED.

With reference to our paragraph of last week concerning this Society, we have had a visit from Mr. W. H. Dicken, who appeared anxious to satisfy us that the Society has an account with Barclay's. We pointed out to him that JOHN BULL had said nothing to the contrary. The complaint of the correspondent to whose letters we directed attention, was that "he was led to believe by one of the canvassers of the Society that Messrs. Barclay were "really at the back of the scheme." Mr. Dicken says that the Society cannot be responsible for unauthorised statements of canvassers. However that may be, we advise our readers to have nothing to do with the Society, and although banks have a curiously lax system in connection with opening accounts, we are a little surprised that Messrs. Barclay should have accepted the account of the West London Tradesmen's Benevolent Society, Limited. Inquiry would have satisfied them that the Society is working a very questionable scheme, and they would have remembered, upon reflection, that many silly people believe that the acceptance of an account by a bank is proof that the bank approves of the business methods of the people who opened the account.

We have received several letters upon this matter during the week. One correspondent writes: "I should have had nothing whatever to do with the Society had it not been represented that Barclay's were at the back of the concern, and that they would honour all the cheque-books presented to them by honorary members—*i.e.*, the public who have taken them up."

SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.

The report of the shareholders' Committee issued on Monday confirms, so far as it goes, our statements with respect to the management and position of this Company. We said that the £10 ordinary shares were worthless, and the Committee suggest that they should be written down by £8 per share, two £1 shares being given in lieu thereof in the reconstructed Company. The Committee further suggest that the holders of the £10 preference shares shall exchange these shares for six £1. Preference shares carrying 6 per cent. dividend. The Committee also intimate pretty clearly that in their opinion the management is very inefficient, and drastic changes will have to be made if the Company is to right itself. In our comments we pointed to the neglect of the outer districts of London. The Committee touch upon this point, and express the opinion that the business is capable of great extension in that direction. Unfortunately the field is already fully occupied.

NEW ISSUE

ROOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY, LTD., are making an issue of Seven per Cent. "B" Preferred Ordinary Shares, for the purpose of providing additional working capital. The issue consists of 100,000 £1 Seven per Cent. "B" Preferred Ordinary Shares at 22s. 6d. per share. The profits as shown upon the prospectus amply cover the dividend upon the present issue.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD., inform us the Debenture Interest Warrants for the half-year ended June 30, 1907, were posted to the debenture-holders of this company on the 1st inst.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOMESTEADS, LTD.—"ASMODEUS" (Streatham Hill).—They are thoroughly respectable people.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—A. E. (Torquay).—Have nothing to do with the firm mentioned. J. S. (Cork.—Better have nothing to do with them.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—C. H. S. (Plymouth).—We have frequently exposed these people. You must not touch them with a barge pole. A. H. (Cossan).—Have nothing to do with them. G. W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

WINDUS AND CO.—M. M. B. (Berwick).—The place for the documents you send us from Windus and Co. is the waste paper basket.

INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LTD.—TRURENCK (Forest Gate).—We do not recommend fanciful schemes of investment such as you describe.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—A PUSHER OF "JOHN BULL" (Earlsfield).—Opinions differ very much as to the soundness of the system under which this company works.

UNITED PROGRESSIVE COLLECTING SOCIETY.—J. F. (Dublin).—We regret we have no information.

INSURANCE OF SERVANTS.—F. M. K. (Taunton).—Nearly all the leading companies do the business, and it would be invidious for us to recommend one over the other.

WEST AFRICAN MINING SHARES.—H. S. (Newton Heath).—We know of nothing very encouraging about either.

ENGINEER.—CAUTIOUS (Bangor).—We should say the probability is against it.

EGYPTIAN MINES EXPLORATIONS.—E. K. (New Maldon).—They represent a very speculative purchase.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—MRS. M. (Deptford).—We should advise you to go to a company of higher standing.

LA LUZ DRAINAGE AND TRANSPORTATION TUNNEL COMPANY.—THE CROSS (Glasgow).—We have seen very unfavourable reports in recent American references to this concern.

UNITED REALISATION COMPANY, LTD.—AN INDIRECT SUFFERER (Wellington).—We will see what can be done.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—C. H. (Basildon).—They would be very speculative purchases, but we do not think you could go far wrong in buying at the present quotation.

VARIOUS SHARES.—JONAH (Birmingham).—We should hold for the moment, but sell upon any rise.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—J. M. (Manchester).—We do not think you have a case against the Association. We have returned your papers.

THE CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.—D. H. (Birmingham).—We see no objection.

CITY OF PARIS BONDS.—JOHN BULLION (Woolwich).—We see no advantage in buying these bonds, and statements to the contrary should be very carefully scanned.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—No 1 (Rhondda).—If you have the opportunity of selling at a reasonable price we should do so.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY.—ARTHUR LEE (Cardiff).—We do not.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—J. L. S. (London).—Your money is quite safe with the Penny Bank, but, of course, the interest is small. We cannot advise you to put the £100 into Russian Stock—the outlook in Russia is very uncertain, and the stock is hardly suitable for your purpose. You should put it into some sound industrial stock.

GUAYAQUIL QUITO RAILWAY BONDS.—QUILL PEN (Parkstone).—It is very difficult to get any "solid information" about the position. We can only say at the moment that we should not be inclined to sell at the present ruinous price.

BECKETT'S BANKS.—D. McB. (Durham).—We should hesitate to answer in the affirmative.

MOTOR SHARES.—VIGILANT (Llangefin).—You have made an unfortunate selection. Have nothing to do with the American Copper Company you name.

CASSELL AND CO., LTD.—NILOE (Oxford Street).—We should sell—the company seems to have the dry rot.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—J. H. W. (Ilford).—It is impossible for us to advise you in a matter of the kind. The obvious course for you is to keep your eyes open and sell upon the opportunity presenting itself.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.—W. D. B. (Willesden Park).—The results for the year ended March 31st last are very disappointing. The ordinary shares have to go without dividend, and the profits are more than £4,000 short of the amount required to meet the preference dividend. But do not sell at anything near the present price of 6¾ for the preference or 2¼ for the ordinary. The company's earlier and large profits were largely obtained from successful flotations. The company has had many difficulties to reckon with. Its income is derived from many sources, the most important being the dividends it receives from its investments in numerous subsidiary companies. Last year the company received in the shape of dividends £132,132, as compared with £124,102 twelve months earlier. The aggregate par value of the company's investments in these various concerns is £5,271,977. These stand in the books at £4,967,999. The total yield for the past year was £152,925. Much depends upon the value of the company's investments in its subsidiary companies, and the revenue derived from them is likely to improve. There is ground for hoping that the bottom has been touched, and that the company's £2,000,000 of unproductive capital will before long begin to contribute to the company's revenue. Under these circumstances, instead of selling you might find it to your advantage to average. At the present price of the preference shares the yield is over 8 per cent.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

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Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

MR. HAVELOCK WILSON, M.P.

The Strange and Undesirable Bedfellows with Whom Adversity has made Him Acquainted.

In our last issue we briefly referred to the Maritime Legal Aid Association, and advised any person whose assistance was invited by it to examine narrowly its claims to confidence. Its founder is a Mr. Daniel Morgan, and its objects, as stated in a document before us for which Mr. D. Morgan makes himself responsible, is to "provide and render legal assistance to all those in need of same, more especially to the seafaring classes." It will more particularly concern itself with claims for compensation under the Act that came into force on the 1st inst. The avowed object of the Society is in itself legitimate enough, but whether the sailor should join its membership is another matter.

To begin with, its terms are much more onerous than those of competing Societies. For example, a sailor can become a member of The Workmen's Legal Aid Society, of Chancery Lane, upon the payment of 1d. for a ticket, which gives him a year's membership, and entitles him to legal assistance free of charge. If he joins the Maritime Legal his membership costs him 1s. The Workmen's Legal Aid Society charges 10 per cent. of the sum received as compensation for its trouble in the matter; the Maritime Legal charges 15 per cent. Under these circumstances it seems, on the face of it, surprising that Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., should associate himself, as he has done, with the Maritime Legal, undertaking to use all his influence with the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union to induce its members to make the Association their agent for the enforcement of claims.

But Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., has received his *quid pro quo*. As most of our readers know, he has been in sharp conflict with the Shipping Federation. Into the merits of the quarrel we will not enter here. It is sufficient to say that it carried Mr. Havelock Wilson into the Courts, with disastrous results to himself. Heavy costs, amounting to many hundreds of pounds, were incurred, and in course of time payment was insisted upon. Mr. Wilson found it impossible to pay, and bankruptcy proceedings were taken. An appeal was then made to the public for the purpose of raising the necessary moneys to clear him, and a considerable sum was found. But a balance of some £700 remained, and as many of our readers will have noticed from the legal reports, only a week or two ago Mr. Havelock Wilson was before the Official Receiver, when it was stated that a portion of this balance had been paid, and that the rest was about to be paid. How was this money got? Our information is that it was obtained from the Maritime Legal Aid Association, that is to say, from Mr. D. Morgan, who apparently advanced it in consideration of Mr. Havelock Wilson's undertaking to use his influence with the Sailors' and Firemen's Union to persuade sailors with claims against shipowners to employ the Association to recover them.

And what of this Association? The moneys it has lent Mr. Havelock Wilson are moneys borrowed from solicitors who have been induced to accept its agencies. We have before us a draft agreement which explains matters. It binds the solicitor to make a loan to the Maritime Legal Aid Association, to be repaid one year from date of the agreement, the consideration being the appointment of the solicitor as agent of the Association. Clause II. runs:—

> In consideration of the said ——— advancing to the Maritime Legal Aid Association the aforesaid sum of ———, the Association hereby appoints the said ———, his heirs, executors, or assigns, their solicitor and general legal adviser to represent and act for them in all legal matters appertaining to the Association that may arise in the seaports of ———, in the county of ———.

The sums paid by these solicitors vary from £50 to £150. The various cheques are paid in to the account of Mr. D. Morgan with the London City and Midland Bank, Fleet Street branch, and on May 28th Mr. D. Morgan handed Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., two cheques. Mr. Wilson immediately passed them over to the Official Receiver, and in this way saved himself from being adjudicated bankrupt.

It may be said that in the transactions we have described there is nothing unlawful; that the solicitors were within their right in paying for the agency; that the Maritime Legal Aid Society was within its right in lending £700, more or less, to the Seamen and Firemen's Union; that the Sailors and Firemen's Union was within its right in handing the money over to Mr. Havelock Wilson for his private purposes; that Mr. Havelock Wilson was within his right in accepting the loan. It is not necessary for our present purpose that we should accept or traverse these propositions. Our contention is different. It is that Mr. Havelock Wilson, a public man and member of Parliament, ought not to have any dealings with such a person as Mr. D. Morgan.

Mr. Daniel Morgan describes himself as an insurance manager, and in January of the present year he registered the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, Limited. The date of registration was January 17, 1907. The business of the society, as its name implies, is accident insurance. Its nominal capital is £1,000, in shares of £1 each. On May 1, 1907, the total number of shares allotted was 607, of which 307 were allotted for cash. The directors were Mr. Daniel Morgan and Mr. J. R. Burnell, who was also secretary. Mr. Burnell is a youth of twenty-two, who was persuaded by Mr. Morgan to take up 200 shares, in consideration of becoming director and secretary. Soon afterwards Mr. Burnell was satisfied that the thing was unsound, and put the matter in the hands of Mr. Coote, solicitor, of Bow Street, W.C. Mr. Coote gave Mr. Morgan two days to return Mr. Burnell his money, the alternative being—unpleasant. The money was returned within the stipulated time. Mr. Burnell was moved to sudden action by the information that the trustee of the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, Limited, is a person who has stood his trial at the Old Bailey, gaol being the result. The company has issued a considerable number of policies, and we have before us one signed "W. Hunt, director." Mr. Hunt, whose name appears among the signatories to the articles of association, is described on that document as a "commercial clerk." Mr. Burnell tells us that the signature "W. Hunt, director," on the policy handed to us was written by Mr. Morgan. However that may be—and we have good reason to believe it true—the only two properly appointed directors were Mr. Morgan and Mr. Burnell, and as Mr. Burnell has resigned, there remains only Mr. Morgan. The balance at the bank to the credit of the association to meet claims that may come in at any moment was, at the beginning of last week, some £13.

It behoves a member of Parliament—especially one in Mr. Wilson's position—to be chary of his associates, more especially when those associates are trying to induce the public to trust them with monies. No doubt Mr. Wilson has been in a tight corner, and it may be that the only way to save himself from the consequences of bankruptcy was this association with Mr. D. Morgan. But, if that be so, he would have done well to let the process of the Court take its course. Now that we have called his attention to the facts, we doubt not that he will do the right thing and forthwith dissociate himself from the strange bedfellows into whose acquaintance adversity has driven him.

What is Your Number?

See Page 1.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Magna Charta of Marriage.

Without any preliminary blowing of trumpets or beating of drums, a radical change has been effected in the marriage law of France, which will be chiefly of interest to the rising generation of that country. No longer will the stern French parent be able to repress the longings of the French equivalent of Edwin and Angelina; for, with the exception of minors, French men and maidens are now free, where marriage is concerned, to gang their ain gait.

The Consequences.

It will be interesting to discover the results of this act upon the home life of such a domesticated nation as the French. For my part, I think that the demoiselle will have an even poorer time of it than she has at present, inasmuch as her parents will be disposed to keep her in the strictest seclusion, so that her ardent passions will not tempt her into making a runaway match. The persons whom it will chiefly affect are the novelist and the playwright, who may be hard put to it to find an efficient substitute for the unrelenting parent who formed such a considerable portion of their plots. The new law has been promulgated in the interests of morality. Very laudable no doubt, but whether it will increase the sum of French happiness is altogether a horse of another colour. For all that English divines, sentimentalists, and moralists may urge to the contrary, the average French marriage, which has an economic rather than a sentimental basis, is infinitely happier than the English "marry in haste and repent at leisure." If the new law leads (it probably won't) to a more general mingling of the unmarried sexes, it will have one notable result—to wit, the creation of lyric poetry in France, which form of verse that volatile nation has never cultivated, owing to the conventual seclusion in which the French young woman is kept by mamma.

Womanlike.

Women are noted for tarrying; little is said of the unpunctual man. Listen to this. Thursday night was settled upon for the institution of the Rev. William Rowlands, M.A., to the living of St. Lawrence, Brentford. At eight o'clock—the hour appointed for the ceremony—the church was full, the people eagerly waiting for the Bishop of Kensington, who was to conduct the proceedings. He tarried.

The organist played many selections, but, in spite of the excellence of the music, anxious people craned their necks towards the door. Where was the Bishop?

The organ changed from Handel to the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," and at its termination a message came to say that the Bishop "was on the way." At a quarter-past nine he came in a four-wheel cab and, running into the church by the vestry entrance, was soon reading the service.

The Charms of the Tea-gown.

The tea-gown is a type of garment that has steadily grown in favour as the world has become educated in things artistic. When the alluring, loosely-falling house-gown first timidly ventured over from gay Paree to try its luck in conservative old England, the British matron, sure enough, was inclined to eye it with stern mistrust, and was very dubious about admitting that it could be considered altogether proper. However, like many another innovation, it has lived to see itself accepted without question on almost all hands—happily alike for both wearer and admiring observer. Most delicious of garments, in its construction the individuality and fancies of its owner can find unlimited scope, and consequently many a woman never looks so charming as when clad in her tea-gown.

One fascinating specimen that I saw the other day, designed for a petite blonde, was of delicate blue silk-muslin made in the Empire style. The deep band that confined the flowing folds under the bust consisted of azure silk, considerably deeper in tone than the muslin, and lavishly embroidered with silver cord. Over the top of the short puffed sleeves were epaulettes of the same description, while the three wide tucks round the edge of the skirt and train were stitched with silver thread to carry out the glistening idea. Round the top of the short bodice was a small tucker of fine spotted net, drawn up to the pit of the throat by means of a silver cord, from which were suspended half-a-dozen shining little tassels. The dainty little woman who was to wear this gown is very partial to accentuating the gleaming gold of her hair by a chic black velvet bow, and fully convinced am I that when she is finally arrayed in this blue gown, with the velvet bow, and the tiny black

PEARKS, LIMITED.

The eleventh ordinary general meeting of Pearks, Limited, was hheldy(oner Friday r:last), at: Winchester House, Mr. W. H. Lensh, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said that, in addressing the shareholders for the first time in his present position, he wished to assure them that he felt very deeply the honour conferred upon him and realised the great responsibility that the position carried. The gross profit on trading for the past year was £87,265. being £3,452 better than in the previous year, but against this the general expenses had increased by £4,476, owing to heavier rents and rates and to the increasing business done.

The available balance was £29,422, out of which they proposed placing £5,000 to reserve for depreciation of leasehold premises, fixtures, etc., and £2,000 to the reserve for doubtful debts. The directors were of opinion that the item of £44,497 for general reserve shown in the balance-sheet was satisfactory for the present, and therefore they did not propose adding to that amount this year. The item of additions and improvements during the year, £9,862, was largely made up by alterations or improvements to old premises, bringing them into line with the smart, modern style with which the name of "Pearks" was now identified. The value of stocks at warehouses and branches had been reduced by £51,604.

After providing for a dividend of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, they proposed to carry forward £13,320, as against £11,898 last year. It was gratifying to be able to report that they had been very successful in obtaining some important contracts with the Army and Navy and with local authorities in the United Kingdom. They were developing this department, and had good grounds to anticipate much satisfactory business resulting from it.

They did not fear competition; their buying and selling powers had been well proved through very trying periods in the past, and they were happy to say that they had the confidence of their customers.

Much had been said and written concerning the milk-blended butter, simply because they had placed upon the market this palatable butter which had successfully competed with other butters offered.

The argument of their opponents was insulting to the common sense of the British public, for they seriously informed Committees in the House of Commons that purchasers of milk-blended butter were ignorant people who could not understand the meaning of the plain notice on the wrappers; but the Company had now proved that their customers bought it because they liked it, and knew all about it.

Some of the highest names in the Medical and Legal professions were regular users of it, and of course their opponents included in their condemnation all the Magistrates and Judges who upheld this notice and declared it to be a fair description of the nature of the article sold. Moreover, they wilfully ignored the fact that thousands of the Company's customers in town and country gladly signed petitions to Parliament in favour of the butter being sold, claiming that they clearly understood what they were buying, and wished to continue to do so.

Fortunately, the Government authorities saw the hollowness of this purely trade agitation, and a Bill had been brought forward and passed through Committee stage which would put a stop to controversy by regulating the sale of this article, but the Directors felt quite confident that no Act would be passed to interfere with the right of any person to buy what the Company's opponents had admitted in evidence was a palatable and wholesome article of food.

Mr. E. H. Plank seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

slippers gleaming with silver beads that she had got to complete this toilette, she will appear in the light of a fascinating little fairy whom none could possibly resist.

A contrasting gown for a tall, dark, dashing brunette with a full figure and regal upright carriage, was composed of rich crimson Eolienne, made to fall perfectly loosely. The yoke was formed of the thickest of guipure lace, which was lightly embroidered with threads of silk of many delicate colours, worked on to the pattern, while a couple of flounces of more flimsy lace fell from the edge of the yoke to below the waist line. The sleeve was the most striking feature. It was of the "angel" variety, but its back seam was attached to the under-arm seam of the gown, all the way to the hem at the feet, and so ample and voluminous were its folds that the fulness of the sleeve appeared to melt into the train of the gown. Truly a dignified and imposing garment.

MORE LIMERICK COMPETITIONS.

Bring Your Own Prizes.

The Editor of the *Spectator*, recognising the popularity of Limerick Competitions, has decided to offer his readers a unique opportunity of growing rich at their own expense. All that need be done is to complete the last line of this intensely humorous Limerick:—

"A parson who lived at Thames Ditton
Possessed an intelligent kitten;
So he took pen and ink
And before you could think
Had a note to the ———— written."

Enclose with your solution of the Limerick problem a ten pound note and a stamped addressed envelope. If your solution is pronounced correct your ten pound note will be returned to you. Thus you stand a chance of getting a ten pound note for the mere expenditure of twopence in stamps. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Little Tich have kindly consented to act as adjudicators in the *Spectator* Competition.

The Editor of the *British Weekly*, with a view to consoling Passive Resisters for their betrayal by the Government, intends to brighten their lives by opening a special Limerick Competition on their behalf. Every Passive Resister should try to complete this pointed Limerick:—

A good man named Robertson Nicoll
Said "The Government's terribly fickle—
If they don't mend their ways
And attend to my craze
They'll be in the deuce of a ————."

Send your solution, enclosing with it a postal order for ten shillings; also a silver teaspoon which has been bought in at a Passive Resistance sale. This is merely as a proof of your good faith. To the first person who solves the problem correctly will be sent a copy of the six shilling shocker that Silas Hocking publishes during the week of the competition. N.B.—The prizewinner may, if he chooses, select any novel published by Mr. Hocking within a fortnight of the date of the competition. As a guarantee that the competition will be fairly conducted it is only necessary to say that Dr. Clifford and La Milo have kindly consented to select the winning effort.

The Editor of the *Winning Post* invites good sports to try for a bit of splosh. Send a fiver—senders of "snide" notes will be disqualified—and your completion of this tricky little Limerick:—

A trim little golden-haired filly
Was walking down gay Piccadilly.
A policeman said, "Sue,
Your conduct's too blue"—
So now she is dining on ————.

A ten pound prize is offered to the competitor who completes this line to the adjudicator's satisfaction. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Marie Lloyd have kindly consented to judge the solutions. N.B.—No prize will be awarded unless there are at least twenty competitors. The name and address of the winner will not be published, as it is possible some of our readers may object to undue publicity. You may send as many solutions (with fivers) as you like. You may send a fiver without a solution, but on no account must you send a solution without a fiver. No money will be returned on any consideration. Any persons writing letters of complaint to the Editor will have their money instantly forfeited.

POOLE'S TROUSER PRESSERS are the best, simplest, and most effective, no bolts, screws or clamps, weigh only 4lbs., and are a great convenience when travelling. Price 4s., post free, or from all Tailors and Outfitters, 3s. 6d. Poole's Presser, 85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

AARON'S "ROD IN PICKLE."

The scene is laid in a West End sporting club. Two men are seated at a card table engaged in a duel at German whist.

The nasal promontory of the little man proclaims him quite unmistakably of a very ancient lineage. His antagonist is a bulky personage of rubicund aspect. The eyes of the former are bright and restless; those of the latter weary and watery. Yet it is the weary and not the wary one who has just won the third game in succession.

"Your luck's changed, Sprouts, my boy," remarks Aaron.

"Yesh, dush lookshoh," responds Sprouts, a little drowsily.

A bottle of "The Boy" stands between them, and Aaron pours out another glass for his *vis-a-vis*.

"You're awf'lly genrush to-nish, Aaron. Been backin' winshs, I shposhe," continues the rubicund one.

"Yes, Sprouts, old man, and got a good thing for to-morrow. Have you backed our Polly?"

"'Ear itsh gone out in betting."

"Oh, just a point or so; stable money's all on. Look here, old man, you've had bad luck lately. I stand to win a couple of thou., I'll lay you, just as a pal, a point over the odds to fifty."

"Thanksh, Ish'l waitsh till morninsh."

"All right, Sprouts, old chap, only wanted to do you a good turn."

They had started another hand when another gentleman of distinctly Hebraic antecedents walked over to them and, addressing Aaron, said, "Can you lay me Polly Perkins?"

Aaron looked inquiringly at Sprouts as if to ask whether the good thing was to miss him. Sprouts betrayed a little interest, but made no sign. Aaron, with apparent reluctance, admitted that he *could* lay it, keeping one eye on Sprouts.

"I'll take twelves to a pony," remarked the newcomer.

Aaron again looked questioningly at Sprouts, whose interest seemed to be gradually awakening, but there was no response. The bargain was struck, and the game resumed. But Aaron noted with satisfaction that his opponent's attention was not concentrated on the game.

Mr. Sprouts was a more or less prosperous greengrocer and fruiterer, who, in the course of a couple of years had contrived to bring himself almost to the verge of bankruptcy by a too enthusiastic and undiscriminating devotion to the "sport of kings." He had been looking on the wine when it was red—and other colours—in search of inspiration as to a way out of his difficulties, and, needless to say, had not yet found the exit. Twelve fifties, he reflected, would see him out of present trouble—but the "Latest from the course" was 100 to 9 offered, in place of 100 to 14 taken in the morning.

Aaron had got on in life. From executing commissions in a third-rate sporting club, in the vicinity of Aldgate, he had blossomed out into a professional backer on his own account. Of the means of his success little was known, though much was suspected. It was commonly understood that a constitutional incapacity to distinguish between meum and tuum, in connection with certain commissions, had laid the foundations of his modest fortune.

From the East-end Aaron had gravitated to the west of Temple Bar, and become a member of a large West-end club. His sources of information were fairly good, and many a "job" had he benefited by. It happened that he had excellent and early "information" concerning a certain "rod in pickle" for the ——shire Handicap, which was to be run on the day following the events here recorded. He had "helped himself" liberally, and for the modest outlay of £100 stood to win a couple of thousand. But, alas! for the uncertainty of equine, as of human, affairs, he had that afternoon received information that Polly Perkins was a doubtful starter, and the "rod" looked like being laid on the back of the backer. Hence his anxiety to let Sprouts share in the "good thing."

Sprouts won the fourth game. The horrible run of bad luck which had cursed him at racing and at cards seemed at last to have taken a turn. Aaron ordered another bottle, and again remarked on the change in Sprouts' luck—which certainly was remarkable, seeing that Aaron had overlooked two revokes during the hand.

Before the time for "calling over the card" had arrived, Aaron had deposited Sprouts in a cab, with his shirt cuff adorned with cabalistic signs intended to record a wager of £1,000 to £70 about Polly Perkins. Aaron had conscientiously insisted that there should be a record for Sprouts' protection.

Aaron returned to the club to find that his "rod in pickle" was no longer a marketable commodity—and to congratu-

late himself on a good night's work. It transpired that a heavy commission had been worked for Polly Perkins' stable companion, Cockboat, to which animal Aaron promptly transferred his allegiance at the best price he could get.

Meantime the deluded Sprouts slept soundly, unmindful of the pranks fortune was playing with his last throw against evil chance.

* * * * * * *

Business was brisk in the club next morning. The talk was all of the "coming" of Cockboat, and the mystery of Polly. The morning papers hazarded various explanations. The jade had "gone amiss," she had hit her leg, she had broken a blood vessel at exercise. This, however, was certain—the stable selection was Cockboat. Betting on the course confirmed that view. The odds were 6 to 1 Cockboat and Near Thing, with 33's offered about the dethroned Polly.

The handicap was set to be run at three o'clock. At 2.40 the tape machine began to tick out the runners. Cockboat was to be ridden by a fashionable American jockey, Near Thing was to be steered by a popular English light-weight. Polly Perkins was not among the runners.

Aaron, who had been early at the club, was in good spirits over the lucky escape he had had, and, sitting with half-a-dozen choice spirits in a corner of the room, could not refrain from boasting of his exploit with Sprouts. Beginning at the beginning, without mentioning the name of the animal, he told of his early information about his "rod" and the apparently excellent investments he had made. At this point in the narration the man at the machine called out "Additional runner, Polly Perkins."

He was a trifle taken aback at this announcement, but proceeded with his yarn, recounting his diplomacy and his final success in laying off the "stumer" on the befuddled greengrocer.

"Off!" shouted the man at the tape.

"And the gee was scratched, I suppose," said one of his cronies. "What was it?"

"Polly Perkins—won!" yelled the man at the tape.

"Heavens!" almost screamed Aaron, "that's it."

* * * * * * *

The morning papers commented severely on the Polly Perkins stable connections. One paper came out with the evidently inspired explanation:

> It seems that the stable placed their faith in Cockboat, and fully expected to win with it, but at the distance it became evident that Cockboat could not beat Near Thing, and the rider of the mare accordingly came out and saved the race by a short head.

Next to the loss of his money the hardest trial Aaron has to bear is the fulsome gratitude of the rehabilitated Sprouts.

"GENTLEMANLY PERJURY."

The Hall-mark of Legality
To verbal unreality
Is something that should make us very glad;
For who has not capacity
For very much mendacity?
And it's nice to know it needn't make us sad.

By a process somewhat mystical
In matters casuistical
The grandest of discoveries is made—
Speak of antiseptic surgery,
Why this "gentlemanly perjury"
Leaves it abso-bally-lutely in the shade!

Lying once was thought iniquitous,
But since woman is ubiquitous,
And it's right to lie where one of them's involved,
We may lie at our convenience,
Thanks to Yankee legal lenience,
And from nasty consequences be absolved.

RICHARD STRAHAN ROWE.

"WHAT
IS
YOUR
NUMBER?"

See page 1.

WHAT
IS
YOUR
No.?

OUR No. is **60 & 62, City Road,** and if you send us a Postcard with your name and address, we will send you FREE patterns of our PRIZE Suits at **21/-** (valued by thousands of our customers at £3 3s. 0d.)

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FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Mark Twain.

Dear Mark,—Sorry I could not meet you, but I sent twenty-nine reporters to record your jokes, which have now been numbered and ticketed, and will be ready for trotting out again when you need an obituary. Indeed, if you mention the matter in time you shall have them graven on your tombstone, and if they can't all be crowded on the face some of them can go on the edges. Then every time people visit the cemetery they will be able to laugh, and will forget their grief.

I greet you in this way because I perceive that 116 of your jokes as recorded by the reporters had reference to the pageant you have arranged for your funeral. It seems that it is to commence with a brass band and end with a free meal—"none of your cheap little buryings, but a funeral with elaborate fixings." Foolery apart, my dear Mark, I am sorry to hear you talk like this. True, you are seventy-two, but you're still a boy for your age, and I hope it will be a long time before the merry twinkle passes out of your eyes and the light of life is in them no more. No one knows better than you how great an entertainment life is, for none enjoys it more keenly. So continue to have a good time, and then when the call does come—well, you won't find me laughing; you'll find me again turning to those books of yours which have given me so much enjoyment through many years, and sadly reflecting on the loss of a companion and a friend. But, meantime, don't write any more. Leave well alone.

John Bull.

To Mr. Hunnable.

Dear Tit-Whits,—I wonder why it has not more often occurred to people to use an election for purposes of advertisement. The fine stir you made must make people like Beerbohm Shaw and Bernard Tree green with envy. And such a small stock-in-trade, too! Just an egg-box, and a few copies of your elegantly-named pamphlet, and a fine derangement of epitaphs in your climacteric brain. It was a supreme touch of genius to start a mixed-bathing candidature—a delightful parody of the eccentric campaigns now in fashion. Really, some of your answers to hecklers were quite worthy of the old Court fools, and poor Mark Twain must have been shaking in his shoes when he saw how his humour was being eclipsed. I am very glad to hear that you wish to make it compulsory for all cows to carry umbrellas, so that their milk may not be watered. That is an important reform which all friends of the younger generation are bound to support. Perhaps your poetry is not quite up to the standard of your prose, but, after all, it can hold its own with most of the doggerel which sees the light nowadays. Anyhow, I liked your pluck, and I feel sure you must have been pleased to find that Jarrow contained so many hustlers besides yourself. Let me see you put up for Birmingham at the next vacancy. Your views are sure to evoke plenty of sympathy in that topsy-turvy place. I'll stand the exes.

John Bull.

To His Majesty the King of Siam.

Sire,—I have always admired the peculiar frankness which characterises your family. It is as charming as it is occasionally embarrassing. I also admire your versatility in the matter of costume. At home you are content to sit on a throne, looking very like an idol, with a fantastic pyramid of precious stones on your head. Here you turn yourself out, as smug as any greengrocer, in high hat and frock coat.

I am very glad you managed to come over and look us up, and I hope you persuaded Sir Edward Grey to take your view about French aggression in your country. You may well ask what was the use of our guaranteeing you five provinces by the Anglo-French agreement of 1896, if we were to let France take two of them in 1904 and the other three this year. Still, it was high time for you to insist on your remaining rights, on which your independence depends and in which British interests are gravely concerned. I quite agree with you that we ought to have accepted your invitation to protect Siam, and it is possible, now we have a strong Foreign Secretary, that something may be done in that direction.

You are to be congratulated on your benevolent rule and your successful efforts to increase the prosperity of your country. Come and see us again soon. Your Majesty's humble servant,

John Bull.

P.S.—How are the twins?

To Mr. W. T. Stead.

Sir,—I hear you have been travelling. Were it not possible that you might sometimes be mistaken for a typical Englishman, I should wish nothing better than that you should always travel. At any rate, I am glad that you went to America, for your trip induced you to publish a narrative which must go far to discourage your few remaining admirers. You have revealed yourself in your true light as a noisy, irresponsible notoriety hunter. When audiences received you with polite silence, you grumbled, because silence does not afford material for a sensation. At last, in despair, you made a frantic effort to attract attention at a Methodist meeting in New York. Here is your account of the graceful episode:—

> "What is the postal address of the Church of Christ in America?" I asked. "I want its telephone number in order to ring it up to see if it cannot be set in fighting array throughout the world in order to do battle in the cause of peace." One or two fervent souls cried "Amen," to which I responded, with some vehemence, "Are you going to do anything?—that is what I want to know. It is all very well to say 'Amen,' but I do not care a damn for your 'Amens' if you do not mean to do anything."

The newspapers rewarded you with the headline, "Stead Damns Amen," and your sensation was complete. But what an idiotic question it was about the postal address and telephone number; how polite and well-bred of you to swear like a bargee when bread-and-butter youths mumbled complimentary Amens. No wonder that there was less anxiety to hear you at other gatherings. They wisely began to limit you to ten minutes. Let me tell in your own words how you repaid their hospitality and circumvented them:—

> It was a magnificent assemblage. I spoke last at my own suggestion. Just when I was going to explain the Pilgrimage and point out how school children in America could assist, time was called. I was told to stop. I simply replied, "I am going on," and went on amid a scene of great enthusiasm. Five minutes later the chairman again interposed and said the meeting must come to a close, as some of the scholars had to travel two hundred miles home that night, and the hall was wanted for other purposes.

And still you indecently went on. Indeed, all over America you laid yourself out to bully the meetings you were privileged to address. On one occasion you heard that no ladies would be present. So you telegraphed "No women, no Stead." And the consequence, apparently, was that there were neither women nor Stead.

The rest of your article is devoted to all your trumpery deeds and words and thoughts.

> In the afternoon I spoke at the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and spent the afternoon at Hull House with Miss Adams, and afterwards at Hinky Dink's beerhouse.

You could not even soak ale without telling us all about it. Flattery, however fulsome, is as the breath of your nostrils. Who else would have complacently recorded how a Hebrew professor compared him to "Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and others of the old prophets of Israel"? And when you could not have adulation, you rejoiced to earn ridicule rather than not be noticed at all. Otherwise, why reproduce all the sneers and lampoons of the press? I can quite enter into the feelings of the cartoonist who depicted you sprawling over the earth, which thereupon exclaimed, "Oh! let us have peace." Permit me to make the same pious ejaculation, for I am thoroughly tired of you and all your advertisements.

John Bull.

THE LADY GODIVA PROBLEM SOLVED.

OUR SUGGESTION TO THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY.

THE Sandell-Gray FIGURE TRAINER

15/-

Unique Apparatus, Scientific in Construction and Movement for Making the Body Graceful, Erect, and Symmetrical by a Few Weeks' Use.

Attaches directly to user's body. No wall or other supports necessary. FOR BOTH SEXES from childhood to old age.

The Most Notable Invention in Physical Appliances for the Last 50 Years. Patented and Trade Marked in Ten Countries.

SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR SPECIFIC DEFECTS & CURING DISEASE.

To strengthen the back and improve the figure.

This exercise flattens the abdomen and makes the figure supple.

A Tall, Straight, Symmetrical, and Graceful Figure is the outcome of correct light Exercise. The Sandell Gray Figure Trainer is the result of 15 years of close study of the Human Frame, and in this unique apparatus is carefully thought out the only true basis from which all bodily and organic improvement can be derived. It has been ascertained beyond dispute that the essence of True Exercise is Bodily Resistance, a fact which, strange to say, has been completely overlooked by the Leading Exponents of Physical Culture. Every ounce of resistance created by the human body means stored-up physical energy.

The user of a Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer creates all his own resistance by bringing his body into direct opposition with the apparatus. **It being attached to the user's body,** it is the most Perfect Body Developing Apparatus extant, and by no other method can a straight, symmetrical and well-set figure be obtained. The Sandell-Gray Figure Trainer attaches by the Feet, Shoulders, and Waist, and is the only physical appliance out of 500 varieties, selling in all parts of the World, that complies with this imperative requirement.

If you value a PERFECT FIGURE Read "FIGURE IMPROVEMENT." Post Free.

Such antiquated and unscientific Methods as are in vogue to-day, for instance, Dumb-bells, Indian Clubs, Rubber Wall Exercises, give little or no resistance to the body, consequently the Exercise done, beyond building up *unnecessary muscle*, is futile. Hence we have again and again the strange spectacle of useless and unsightly muscular development (usually in the arms and legs), together with bodily degeneration, weak organs and loss of vitality.

When exercising with an appliance attached to the wall, the amount of bodily resistance created is comparatively small. It is the wall that gets the most of it.

In spite of vastly increased attention given nowadays to physical culture, the modern civilised man and woman often exhibit marked signs of physical deterioration. WHY? The first reason is up to now the *absence of any real intelligent method.* The kind of work advocated so much of late years by "strong men" or "weight-lifters," by whom one is advised to make supreme efforts to pull a wall down by means of cords attached thereto, or to indiscriminately juggle with dumb-bells, clubs, and such-like, is harmful, excepting perhaps to the *"Survival of the fittest."*

With the Sandell-Gray every muscle in the entire body is correctly and gently exercised at one and the same time in different ways by different exercises, consequently every separate movement tends to make the body *as a whole* more physically perfect, supple, and graceful. The principle of self-attachment, so simple yet so scientifically important, is the principal feature of a series of patents in the principal Countries of the World.

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GIVES YOU INCREASED STRENGTH & ENERGY.
MAKES YOUR BACK STRONG.

MAKES YOU WALK WITH YOUR HEAD "HIGH."
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ATTACHED DIRECT TO USER'S BODY.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

My height ins. ..... Sex.....

Chest (or bust) measurement..... Hips .....

Waist (or abdomen) ..... Arms.....

If troubled with any organic defects or deficiencies not mentioned here give details in a letter.

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A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The Bogus Theatrical Manager.

I do not propose to say anything about a case lately in the Courts, in which there must have been some of the hardest liars on one side or the other that even the Temple of Justice has ever sheltered. The fact that persons calling themselves managers or agents can still extract money from men and women who wish to call themselves actors and actresses by the simple device of promising to get them tens of pounds a week for their inexperience (and a preliminary fee of £5 or so) is interesting and suggestive. It may not reflect on our methods of public and domestic education, although I think it does; it certainly confirms the view held by many other mild philosophers besides myself that neither mentally nor morally has the bulk of the population shared at all largely in the vaunted progress of the past two or three thousand years.

Have we Improved?

Mr. Bernard Shaw, *à propos* the character of Britannicus in his play of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" (which Mr. Forbes Robertson will produce in the winter at the Savoy), once shocked a lot of simple-minded persons by asking: "Does anyone who, in the light of a competent knowledge of his own age, has studied history from contemporary documents, believe that sixty-seven generations of promiscuous marriage have made any appreciable difference in the human fauna of these isles?" It was a very profound question; and, for myself, I believe that the Stone Age had its close equivalents to the servant-girl and the area tout who sells her German-made Bibles and Brummagem-made jewellery on the instalment plan, and the theatrical agent or manager who takes from girls of the same class, and classes a little above it, all that they have—including their "good name." The only way of making it impossible for these vermin to live is by modifying the environment of ignorance and inexperience in which they thrive—a long job and one of only remote possibility. We have yet to see whether universal elementary education will work the trick; as a democrat, I hope so; as a student of the world, I have my doubts. The colonel's lady, and Mistress O'Grady, and the newest Girton girl, may be caught by very similar means to those employed in the Garden of Eden; and they can catch poor human men by exactly the same little tricks—only a trifle better dressed—that Eve played off on poor Adam. No wonder that when Adam is a theatrical agent or manager, and Eve is "described as an actress," the kadi has often to admit his inability to decide "who began it."

Silly Women and Wicked Men.

Silly, lazy, vain, pretty girls, for a long time to come, despite the warnings of "An Actress" in the "Grand," and other writers in other journals, will continue to buzz around the footlights. Having just wit enough to see that many of our leading ladies cannot act for nuts, and yet manage to support two or three houses, in town, on the river and elsewhere, these girls may be excused for thinking that good looks are the one thing needful on the London stage; that, having these, all things else will be added unto them. Given idolatrous or stupid parents, and such girls are the easy prey of the baser kind of agent or manager. No one can save them but themselves, and apparently they don't want to. But much can be done to protect men and women already working in the business of the theatre from victimisation by harpies who otherwise would not pay even the starvation wage so many of them offer, who would leave successive companies penniless on the road, only to start others by the most dubious means—those means, a small prepaid advertisement in a theatrical paper, a system of "touching" every person who replies to the advt. for a sum, small or large, and swindling every tradesman who can be induced to supply goods, and every landlady who can be cozened into providing shelter. The rank and file of the theatrical profession are (save and except only the members of my own profession) the worst business people in the world; consequently, their only hope lies in co-operative action under the leadership of alert, vigorous officials. Both the genuine manager, whose prices the bogus manager will undercut, and the artiste whose scale of remuneration he has reduced to "nothing, and that uncertain," are interested intimately in wiping out this pest.

Against the Pest.

I am glad that at last they are seriously on the job. Action is about to be taken by the Theatrical Managers' Association and the Actors' Association jointly, "with a view to bringing to justice rogues who, styling themselves theatrical managers, have engaged companies and then bolted with the week's receipts, leaving actors and actresses without money to pay for their lodgings or their train fare home." A case in point has been described by the *Daily*

Chronicle. A musical comedy "manager" got together a company, borrowed £50 from its members during three weeks' free rehearsals, produced the play, pocketed any cash taken, and—left on pay-day. I have heard of hundreds of similar cases during the past twenty years, and have a large circle of friends, some of them now extremely successful and obese persons, who have suffered from these heartless ruffians. If an actor seek them out and thrash them—which is a measure having much to commend it—the law fines him ten shillings and costs at least, and reads him a severe lesson on the wisdom of allowing yourself to be done down quietly, unless you have a case that is plainly covered by the statutes, or can afford to pay Isenstein to take it into Court for you, and to waste a week hanging about until it may come on. If the theatrical papers, taking their courage in both hands, which the *Stage* in particular does very often, names the defaulter by name and title, a threat of action for damages may generally be expected, which means worry and expense, and may result in prolonged and tiresome litigation.

The Only Way.

The only way is for the combined actors and managers to deal with these rogues by means of imprisonment and wide publicity—especially wide publicity. We must have not merely the name which the "manager" assumes when caught by the heels, but his real name and address or addresses, his various aliases, his various ventures, and his various photos or disguises circulated all over the country—in theatrical clubs and other places where they drink, in "professional" lodgings, in the dressing-rooms and offices of provincial theatres. The *Stage* must have a rogues' gallery of its own, and as many of the rogues as it can get hold of should have as heavy sentences as the Courts can be induced to give them. We are told that "the excessive competition for engagements amongst the humbler members of the theatrical profession makes these impostures possible." No doubt; but it is the function of managers and actors in union to make them highly dangerous, to make the return incommensurate with the risk.

The Spoof Matinée.

This is the season of the "spoof" matinée. Some few of these twaddling afternoon entertainments pander in a way to that little burst of "charity" which marks the Smart Set for its own when they have tired of all the other dissipations of the London season. But, for the most part, the charitable matinée is an organised hypocrisy, got up entirely for the pickings, social and monetary, by unscrupulous adventurers seeking a bank balance or a loud advertisement. I have heard some very quaint stories of these tepid shows at one time or another; how this was run by a smart press agent in his sole personal benefit, how the money for tickets sold by the swell mob in another case could never be got in, how a bright young actress paid all her sisters and brothers, cousins and maiden aunts so generously by way of "expenses" for assisting her in organising a most deserving entertainment that the family has done no work at all since, and when the funds run out, proposes to help another charity in the same way. After the bazaar, the matinée is the most immoral means for extorting money, even in a good cause. Generally, however, there is no good cause. When I join the Editor in Parliament, my first Bill will be one for The Abolition of Charity Matinées. Like the House of Lords, they are an obsolete piece of not even picturesque humbug.

P.

HANG THE EXPENSE!

A pallid, careworn millionaire,
Whose brow with pain was bent,
In at the nearest dentist's door
Disconsolately went.

"Take out my tooth!" he ordered, like
The purse-proud man he was;
The dentist murmured, "Yes, sir—will
You have it out with gas?"

Upon that poor practitioner
Again and yet again,
The patient stared in haughty scorn
And quite forgot his pain.

And then he spluttered, "Man alive!
I really think you might
Explain what makes you think I can't
Afford electric light!"

RICHARD MORTON.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

DON'T FORGET

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Every organ of the body is governed by the network of nerve wires. These nerves convey the power which runs the organism. This power is called nerve force. Nerve force is nothing but electricity.

When the memory is poor, confidence and nerve all gone, sleep restless, if there are frequent headaches and the eyes are dull and heavy, it shows that the supply of nerve force is depleted.

So many people try to build up nerve force by overtaxing their stomachs with medicine. It is impossible. Drugs are stimulants—not food. Electricity is nerve food—nerve life. It soaks into the nerves, and is taken up by them just as a sponge absorbs water. It nourishes and revitalises the parts which medicine cannot reach.

It is pitiable to see the wage-earner, the man with others dependent upon him, rendered unfit for work by a breaking down of his nervous system. He has tried to keep up, but Nature will have her way, and unless he replenishes his nerve supply by electricity, he sooner or later must pay the penalty.

Practical knowledge of the curative effects of electricity induced the invention of the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery, a self-charged electric generator for giving new life and strength to weak, worn-out bodies; for the cure of Rheumatic Pains, Stomach, Kidney, Liver, Bowel and Bladder Troubles; for the alleviation of Paralysis, Epilepsy, Locomotor Ataxy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), and all nervous troubles.

There is a book telling all about it and how it is done. It is free to all who write for it. If you cannot call for a free test, ask The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., to send the book. It will show you the road to happiness and health.—[Advt.]

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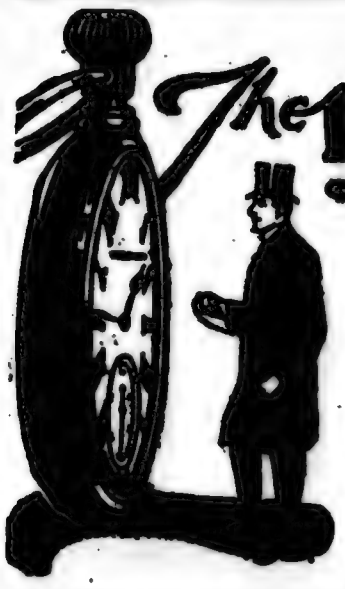

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—
That the Lords like the Commons' Bill affair.
That a sunshade was seen last week—*in use.*
That the popular song in Jarrow is, "Let 'em all come."
That the South Africans did *not* send Kent hopping.
That they call it "*Vin Extraordinaire*" in France now.
That "Taffy was a Welshman" is being taught in the Church schools.
That some moneylenders think George Robey's name wants another "b."
That, in consequence of the prevalence of divorce, America will be known as the Dis-United States in future.
That to notices of cricket matches the letters "W.P." will be added.
That the death of the Electricity Bill is very shocking.
That the coverings of the living statuary were a bare deception.
"Curbing the Lords," reads an *Express* heading. Is their rein over?

"The offerings are really very brown, and wardens are always very blue," says the Vicar of St. Bartholomew, Stamford Hill. It is to be hoped his appeal will be red, and that he will not have to look black.

More Suitable Holiday Resorts:—
Undertakers should go to *Bury*, or *Gravesend.*
Footballers should go to *Kilrush*, or *Downham.*
Harvesters should go to *Dunmow.*
Most M.P.'s should go to *Bray.*
Dog-fanciers should go to the *Isle of Dogs.*
Teachers should go to *Larne*, or *Lampeter.*
Printers should go to *Diss*, or *Hinckley.*
Ropemakers should go to *Knottingley*, or *Nottingham.*
Young mothers should go to *Bothwell.*
The Lord Chamberlain should go to *Oban.*
Cadet corps should go to *Warboys*
Accountants should go to *Cookham.*
Moody folk should go to *Sankey.*
Pedestrians should go to *Ryde.*
Sailors should go to *Hull*, or *Northfleet.*
Horse-breeders should go to *Grays.*
The Beerage should go to *Newcastle.*
Spooning couples should go to *Parsonstown.*
Naval stokers should go to *Kneesal*
Cardsharpers should go to *Cheetham.*
The wicked should go to *Stoke.*
Duns should go to *Andover.*

The Richmond (Surrey) Council has humour. In an official guide to the place we read:—"Places of Worship.—There are eight Anglican churches, nine belonging to the Nonconformist bodies, and two Roman Catholic chapels. *Four important banks have branches in the town.*" Comment is needless.

"American girls seem to be born with a special faculty for looking after themselves," says the *Gentlewoman. Our* girls look after the men.

"Bear Ties up a Railroad," reads a news heading. What were the bulls doing to allow it?

"Mark Twain roared with laughter while he was being presented for his degree of Doctor of Literature," says the *Express.* He has evidently retained some sense of humour, after all.

Mr. Kipling's book, "Kim," has been translated into Chinese We advise John to skim it.

Dan Leno's widow has married again. She was very fond of Dan, but she likes Frank Best.

A man named Court had to pay £2,500 into court for courting another man's wife. He got caught.

Addled Ads.:—
Eat Ape Nuts—the things to get your monkey up.
Get it when you bath—Rubb's Pneumonia.
Wear Quaker Coats—best for earthquakes.
Damage's cheap icicles will make you a scorcher.
Nile Beans—for crocodiles.
Mother Seagull's Syrup—best shiver tonic.
Cowbridge's Bung Tonic—for cold nights.
Dr. Dribble's Dry Joko—to drive you to drink.
Take Pips—you'll cough no more.
Pa-tell's Brandy—makes the stars tremble.
Third's Custard Powder—easily first.
Scratcho—Simsply wonderful; no comb required.
Use Spratt's Bloater Spirit—you will turn your nose up at others.
April Shower Lemonade—squashes all others.
Chew it in the rain—Rainproof's Toffee.

A writer considers that Mr. Clemens has a dual personality. Of course, he is Twain.

We read that bad seasons usually come in cycles. The sooner they get a scorcher the better.

The girl bookstall-keepers on the new tube will doubtless be called Baker-Loo's.

At the county court an umbrella maker pleaded "hard times." But his business is re-covering.

The Tory Press described C.-B.'s speech against the Lords as wind. Will their lordships feel a draught?

The wine war still continues. The growers have a good supply of grape-shot.

A Brixton widow was recently bound over for assaulting a bailiff. A case of the widow's smite.

It is suggested that ladies in poor circumstances shall go in for domestic service. Most of them do so already—when they marry.

Dorset has supplied its policemen with dust-coloured uniforms. It is the motorists now who are "blue"—they can't see the bobbies in time.

A correspondent regrets that we have not awarded a biscuit to the Rusk colt, and remarks that the colt itself says that his Derby performance was not so much a case of Dinna Forget as of dinner forgotten.

A paper on "Certain Phenomena of Inactivation and of Inhibition Exhibited by Precipitin Antisera" has recently been read at the Royal Society. We invite the views of our readers.

The *Daily News* is elated at gathering figs from a tree in the rear of its offices. We should like to know the date.

The Dean of Manchester says, "Tell me the kind of funny story you like, and I will tell you the sort of man you are." Artful old Dean!

We understand that in future organs are to be supplied to all warships. This will please the powder-monkeys, no doubt. Certainly experts are doing all in their power to render war impossible. If the playing be by the automatic system, what enemy would dare approach?

"A Holiday in Hades" (David Scoffern). Deals with an exceedingly popular resort, a large number of well-known public men having selected it for a permanent residence. The climate, we gather, is exceedingly warm at all seasons of the year, but, unlike other holiday resorts, it never varies. An up-to-date golf link has lately been added, and the bridge club is rapidly filling up. The cuisine is excellent, the chef being renowned for his curries.

"The Child of Promise" (Miss Syrett). We presume it was the father who made the promise.

"The Early Bird" (David Nutt). A companion work to Darwin's "Worms and their Diet."

"On the Wall" (Rev. R. Free). When an East-end parson takes to writing on the wall, we can look out for something amusing. A very free-and-easy book.

A boy charged with begging had his hat on when placed in the dock. Mr. Plowden observed, "Never mind his hat; I will treat him as a peer." We were not aware that peers were allowed to wear their hats in the dock.

The baby Spanish Prince has been entered on the roll of a regiment. He wears his regimental number on his bib, and he is always up in arms.

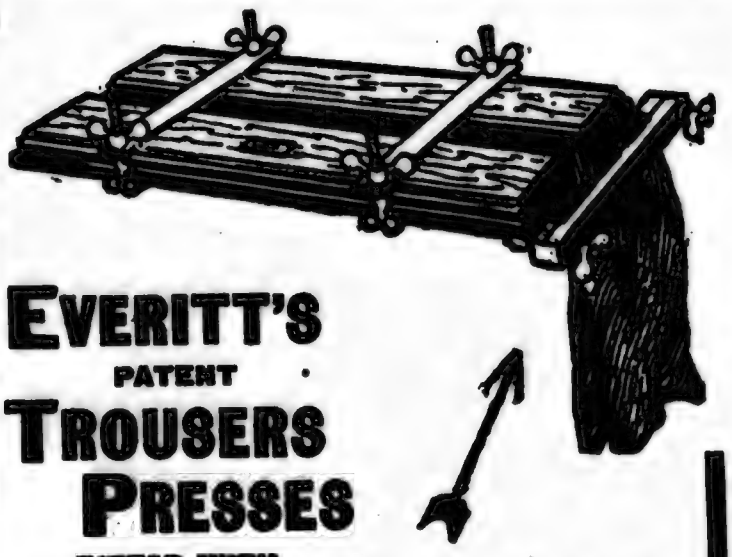
We have the best authority for stating that Mark Twain did *not* take the Ascot Gold Cup. The other man got there first.

To relieve the monotony of prison life at Brixton, the Home Secretary has given his consent to an Oratorio Society to perform selections. The rumour that Little Tich and George Robey will also provide an entertainment, and that Madame Clara Butt and Madame Albani will sing is denied. It is also untrue that Mr. Tree has undertaken to take his company to the gaol for a special performance.

Alderman Reed, Mayor of Exeter, has stopped the publication of betting news in his two newspapers. That is to say, Reed is no bettor, but he thinks he knows what we had better Read.

The Brandon (Norfolk) innkeeper who applied for an extension because the "Primitives" were celebrating their anniversary has a fine sense of humour. Perhaps he was thinking of the sermons and preparing for an extra dryness.

Country visitors to London will do well to provide themselves with "Leng's Guide," the latest addition to the wonderful literature of London sights. It is published at a penny, and is the most compact and best arranged work of its kind which has yet come to our notice.



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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

Many Readers, ignoring the notice on our first page, continue to address questions to us relating to our Number Scheme. A reference to the particulars will answer all inquiries. A reader may, of course, buy as many copies as he likes, and thus increase his chance of obtaining a successful number. It is not necessary to send more than the top portion of the cover, containing the number and the date of issue. Each week's numbers will relate to a different issue. The first list will be published on July 20th, and will relate to our issue of June 15th. The next list will be published on July 27th, and will relate to our issue of June 22nd, and so on. *Claims must be received within four days from publication of the successful numbers*, but we shall always be prepared to make exceptions where adequate grounds are shown us. The Editor's decision upon every matter relating to the Scheme is absolutely final.

"Alpha" (Finsbury Circus).—Will the reader who recently wrote us, under this *nom de plume*, in reference to a cure for hemorrhoids, send us his full name and address? We have a number of letters from other readers for him.

M. V. (Glasgow).—Thanks for sympathetic postcard on the unaccountable defeat of "John Bull" in the Derby, but, as you say, we are not a Croker.

A. S. (London).—No doubt you are right in your estimate of the Chinese, but we like to give the unconventional side of things sometimes. No, you are not a poet.

"Jim Crow III." (Cardiff).—Thanks for biscuit. We have passed it on to our dog, who does not seem any the worse. Unlike the Sultan, you have evidently never kept a harem. Still, we agree that one birth an hour was an over-liberal estimate.

H. R. C. (Cardiff).—How on earth you should come to think that we in any way "gloat over" Mr. Chamberlain's unfortunate state of health passes our understanding. Although we differ fundamentally from him upon many subjects, there is no man we would rather have back in public life. The House of Commons is so full of mediocrities that a "live" man can ill be spared.

"Ship's Carpenter."—We are not Naval and Admiralty experts, and are therefore unable to form any opinion as to your suggestion that the Hudson Bay Company's ship *Stork* is unfit to go to sea. If, however, you are correct in your statement that she is built of "soft wood" and is 28 years old, we are disposed to agree that she is hardly an ideal vessel to be sent to battle with the Arctic ice.

"Disgusted" (Salisbury).—We really cannot see that there is any inconsistency between our publishing John Bull Over-Seas and being somewhat relieved at the departure of the Colonial Premiers. Their proper place is over-seas.

A. F. C. F. (Brockley).—We agree that it is somewhat paradoxical for a Yorkshire Club to enter the Southern League, but it hardly merits a biscuit. These Leagues do such funny things at times.

W. R. (Ascot).—We think we will give our horse, "John Bull," a rest from the "classics," and try our luck with him in selling races instead. No, you cannot at present compel your employer to give you a reference, but a Bill containing such a provision was introduced in the present session of Parliament.

F. S. W. (Barnsley).—Thanks for letter. It was very good of you to enlighten that little group of colliers by lending them your copy. You are quite right as to the misplacing of the note of interrogation in our poster—but printers will be printers.

E. W. (Halifax).—Our present difficulty in regard to our sporting article is that we have to go to press so many days in advance that it is almost impossible at present to deal fully with future events. We have various improvements, however, in contemplation in this respect.

"Stump" (Boston).—No biscuits for ordinary misprints. Even John Bull sometimes is guilty of them. The fact of the *Daily Mail* confusing the portraits of the two cricketers, Dennett and Tyldesley, does not much matter—they are very alike. It is difficult to tell one from the other—they are both good-looking chaps. Glad you think we are getting back to form.

"Cloche" (Maidenhead) tells us that in Bridge Road in that town there is a house which bears over the doorway and on the side posts the wording, "Palace of Truth." He naturally thought that he had made a discovery, but on further investigation found the house empty. He sends us a very pretty little birthday present and his good wishes. We keep the present and return the good wishes.

"Tozafe" (London).—Thanks for letter. We will consider your suggestion about the limericks, but we like to be original. Sorry some people have told you that we are bluffers. Yet, after all, who is not?

H. V. A. (Brighton).—We are considering the limerick suggestion, but, as stated in our answer to "Tozafe," we do not like cribbing other people's ideas.

C. W. S. (Liverpool).—There may be something in your theory about Mr. Chamberlain's health and its connection with his latest political views, but in existing circumstances we prefer not to pursue the topic.

J. C. (Nottingham).—"We are all Socialists now," as the late Sir William Harcourt once said.

WE DIRECT the attention of readers to the interesting announcement in our advertising columns by Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well-known tailors, that they are prepared to supplement our £5 by presenting every holder of a successful number, free of charge, with one of their 23s. 6d. suits. This should add zest to our competitors.

A. W. L. (Sydenham).—We advise you to have nothing to do with the "East London Poor Children's Fresh Air Fund," connected with the "Tryphena Mission," of 37, St. Mary Axe, as no proper balance-sheet is issued. The only institution of this character which we are in a position to recommend is *The* Fresh Air Fund, conducted by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of the *Standard* and *Daily Express*.

T. H. W. (U.S.A.).—There is no market value in the old newspaper tax stamps, nor in the old copy of the *Globe* which you have.

"NEMO" (Bayswater).—The late Mr. Whitaker Wright was on bail until the time of his sentence. His London address was Whitehall Court, and his country residence Lee Park, Witley, Surrey.

A. W. T. (Streatham Hill), and others.—We are sorry you do not like your *Evening News* watches. Have you ever heard of the two Irishmen who both bought cheap tickers one evening, and one of whom the next morning went into hysterics of delight because his "little beggar" had beaten the other by half-an-hour? We advise you to have a race with your respective timepieces.

T. A. M. (Cape Town).—Thanks for letter. As you will have seen, we have dealt with the case.

J. F. (Erdington).—No biscuits for obvious misprints, although we agree that 100 years' guarantee for a bicycle sounds tempting.

MR. W. SIMON (Oakley, near Basingstoke) wants a second-hand copy of the *Quarterly Review* for January last. Can any of our readers oblige?

B. C. (Hampstead).—We have had no complaints respecting the advertiser in question, and insert the advertisement on the distinct condition that we have the right to remove it should any unfavourable facts come to our knowledge.

E. E. T. (Cardiff).—We believe the Chartered Institute of Secretaries to be a very respectable and useful body.

H. W. (Wickhambreaux).—You must be a very new reader to think that, whilst we occasionally attack the Pearson and Harmsworth publications, we studiously avoid the *Daily News*, *Morning Leader*, *Chronicle*, etc. You had better get some of our back numbers.

"SUD AFRIC" (Cape Town).—We have no sufficient knowledge of the body you name to warrant us in recommending you to join it. We, however, know nothing whatever against it.

"NAVAL" (Greenwich).—The paragraph in the "white" column of the *Evening News* is evidently intended as a correction of that appearing in the body of the paper. By the way, this column is known in technical language as "the fudge" column—a very appropriate name sometimes.

L. A. W. (London) wishes us to award a biscuit to those American cousins who in passing the G.P.O. put up their umbrellas under the impression that a shower of rain had come on, whereas it is only the condensed steam coming down; and also to the authors of an epitaph in Boxford Churchyard, Suffolk, which states that a certain lady was "hastened" to her end in her 114th year as the result of an accident. The matter is under consideration.

J. C. M. (Southall).—Thanks for *Daily Mail* cuttings—but we *do* get such a lot of them. However, these have had our special attention.

A. W. C. (Stoke Newington).—We will consider the matter of covers for binding JOHN BULL, but at present have not any in hand.

"TUBEY" (Eastbourne).—Sorry to hear you are suffering from tuberculosis, and sincerely hope the air of Eastbourne will do you good. It will certainly be much more beneficial than the Yonkerman treatment. Keep your pecker up, and that is half the battle.

A. P. (Portsmouth).—We have consulted Mrs. Bull, but are unable to give you any information about the Invigro Body Brace.

"CONVINCED" (Birmingham) re-writes Byron as follows:—

"The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who tow,
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is Jim Crow."

Jim sends compliments and thanks, but he mistrusts compliments coming from Birmingham. Besides, do asses "tow"?

J. H. K. (Cardiff) says the town clerk has put up a notice that "no person shall smoke tobacco or other weed in the market." The local cabbage is evidently barred.

"MELTON" (Manchester) wants to start as a moneylender. One registration fee is sufficient. We can promise him Jim Crow as a regular client.

"STEVE," who writes exactly like S. P., says he had to buy two or three copies of our picture before he got one fit to kiss. His son asked him if we were surrounded by our concubines, meaning contributors. We sentence the brat to be spanked on both cheeks.

J. B. (Manchester).—We fear they have the letter of the law on their side, and that you can do nothing. But if you have a case, you can sue them in the Manchester County Court.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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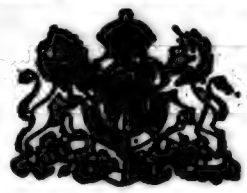

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THROUGH READING A BOOK.

There are very few books published at the present day which are really worth a sovereign, as undoubtedly is a volume which has quietly passed into its 35th edition without any advertisement, puff or newspaper paragraph. For a plain business book—a small 40-page treatise—to be worth twenty shillings it must be something far away above the commonplace. No fascinating book could be valued so highly, no volume which is supposed to hold one spell-bound, entranced, or absorbed could be worth anything like such a sum.

We read of "the most interesting book ever written," "the most wonderful book ever penned"; but, come to analyse them, what are they worth? Did ever anyone actually make money by reading them? Did anyone really benefit financially by perusing them? Of course not. But the book which is worth a sovereign is the triumph of scientific truth over colossal fiction. It does not boast; it proves. It does not imagine; it testifies. It does not state false evidence; it bears witness to undeniable truth. It is not a fascinating book, dashing into wild flights of imagination; it is a cold, matter-of-fact, business work, written in a plain ungarnished style for men who wish to succeed in life—men who want to make money for themselves and those who follow after them. It has been described as a "take-it-or-leave-it" book.

No fanciful pronouncement as to the public rushing after it in tens of thousands has ever been made. In fact, it is a book people do not go mad over. It is not for the fiction reader, the person who is contented with thinking and reading of millions, talking of thousands, yet satisfied with making but a few pounds a week; it it for earnest, ambitious men and women. *To them it costs nothing.* Four men who read it made £734. Three did so, and reaped £655. Two who perused it placed £454 to their credit. One sceptical man made £252. One hundred and twenty-five men and women found that reading this book had put £4,786 into their pockets in a very few weeks. No imagination, anticipation, probability, or possibility here—one can have sworn testimony.

No charge is made for this "success-in-life" book. *It is even posted free.* It is worth reading, for it has been the means of putting thousands of pounds into the pockets of people who never dreamed that it was possible to make money so easily. The book proves every statement it makes; it never asserts anything for which it cannot produce incontrovertible testimony. Get this book at once; it costs nothing. You will find it worth more than a whole library of books, if you value it solely from a money-getting point of view. Here is the address. Send at once whilst you are thinking about it. Pens and ink are handy; a halfpenny postcard will do. You may never have such another opportunity. Write to Room 34, Issue Department, The National Share Exchange, 22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

THE HURLY BURLY.

XIV.—SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE NEWER CATECHISM.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a man with a protuberant dome of thought. He knows somewhat of physics and a great deal about spooks. It is not to depreciate the great qualitites of his mind to say that if he had known less about spooks the world would have heard less about him. Spooks have not yet got such a hold of him as they have got of some other people. I do not know whether he personally converses with the dead, or invites them up to tea, or receives letters from them, or anything of that kind; but he is a psychical researcher, and what time he can spare from scientific lecturing and teaching he devotes to the investigation of the claims of the phenomenal spook on human credence.

All this would be neither here nor there for my present purpose if it had not had the effect on Sir Oliver Lodge of inducing him to attempt a new theology—his very own—stated in due form of creed and catechism. I am concerned for the moment only with the catechism. The spectacle of a man trying to draw children away from their dolls and marbles to instruct them in the intricacies of a theological catechism has always interested me.

"What are you?" asks Sir Oliver Lodge at the start; and the formal answer of the child is, "I am a living being on the earth, with a body ascended from animals and a spirit descended from God." Another question is: "What is meant by the life eternal?" And the child is expected to answer, "It means the highest kind of life possible. We may begin to enter upon it now, but it does not cease when we abandon our earthly bodies; development and progress can continue for ever." True, if a child does not know what Sir Oliver Lodge means he can consult a dictionary, but if he doesn't understand what the dictionary means, I declare I know not what he will do. Personally, I should return to my top and marbles.

Obviously Sir Oliver's catechism for children needs revision. He should endeavour to hit on something simpler. I suggest he should start in this way: "Who are you?" "My name is Little Billy, and I am still growing." "What are you?" "I am a solid and a liquid in chemical combination." "What is the recipe?" "Ammoniæ carbonatis, sodæ phosphatis, aquæ destillatæ, quantum sufficit. Caloris 150 deg. Centigrade, vacuii perfectissimi, patientiæ." "Before you were a chemical recipe, what were you?" "I was a nebular hypothesis." "Were you then on earth?" "No, for then I was without a mother." "In what form did you appear on earth?" "As living matter in the form of protoplasm (*proton*, first; *plasma*, a formed substance) a slimy, granular, semi-fluid." "How do you know?" "I don't know. I only know what you tell me." "How do I know?" "By study of the unicellular protozoa, the colourless cells of blood, young vegetable shoots, or the cells of Chara or Spirogyra." The questions having been thus far answered satisfactorily by the candidate for confirmation, Bishop Lodge might then proceed:—

"Having become protoplasm, what happened next?" "I was formed into a reproductive cell of microscopically similar substance having innate activities." "What happened next?" "I became a Darwinian theory." "What is the Darwinian theory." "The scientific demonstration of the rather startling notion that my first parents were missing links." "What is the missing link?" "A popular term to express the idea of an extinct vertebrate walking erect on two legs—an animal which was neither monkey nor man, but a bit of both." "Has anybody ever found the missing link?" "No, or it would not be missing." "Have you ever missed it yourself?" "No, certainly not." "Has anybody ever professed to find it?" "No, not whole, only in bits." "State the name of the party." "Professor Dubois, and he was a Dutchman. He found the bits in Java." "By what collective name did he describe them?" "Pithecanthropus Erectus." "Where are the bits now?" "In a museum—and for all I care they can stay there. I'm off to play Jimmy Jones at marbles."

Sir Oliver Lodge will observe that this catechism is not only simple, but strictly scientific, and I am amazed that he should have made his own so subtly difficult by mixing up his appreciation of spooks with his knowledge of facts. I do not know whether he has ever put it to practical use, for even with the Catechism of the orthodox, Bishops have their troubles. Indeed, I remember that a certain Right Rev. father once went into a Sunday school, and, placing his episcopal hand on the shoulder of a bright-looking child, asked: "Now, my dear, who made this vile body?" "Please, sir," came the reply, "mother made me body, an' me sister made me skirt." Like the bishop, Sir Oliver Lodge will have to try again, for all that his new theology does is to make confusion worse confounded.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

["*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People.*"]

The "Dodge."

Most of the wrong 'uns among commission agents employ girl typists, who invariably interview callers. However irate the victim may be, and however much he may have intended "to take it out" of the "welsher"—he cannot do much to a girl.

Braided Jackets.

It is noticeable how few braided jackets there are among our racing silks, and yet nothing is more distinct than a whole colour set off by any broad seams. The few that are in use are, strangely enough, in the main, registered by trainers, as, for instance, W. Nightingall's dark blue and white seams, his neighbour, Tom Sherwood's black and white seams, and E. Martin's crimson and white seams, etc.

Notice it at Sandown.

What extraordinary peace there is in a paddock while a race is being run. One could hardly believe that the thoroughbreds parading there—particularly just as the race preceding a big event is being run—could be the same animals who, in a few moments, will take their turn at being the medium of heavy gambling and uproarious excitement.

Cute and Tricky.

When English jockeys go to the Continent it is usually with the idea of being able to give better horsemanship to an animal much fancied in a big race. There are other reasons, too, for which a crack horseman is paid a bigger riding fee. One plan is for a stable to run two, in different nominations, of course, and to put the English jockey upon the *worst*, which is then pretty certain to be a raging favourite. The other—known to be immensely the superior—is then quietly backed.

"Sales."

The Newmarket sales proved a godsend to sporting newspaper proprietors with their extensive advertisements. But is not the advertisement business being overdone in giving it precedence to news so that the sport—which sells the paper—becomes subservient to monetary interests? The conditions of the sales include clauses that bids must be made in not less than guineas up to 20 guineas, 5 guineas up to 200, 10 guineas up to 1,000, 50 guineas up to 2,000, and 100 guineas thereafter. All disputes arising must be decided by Tattersalls, whose comission is 1s. in the £, whether the horse is sold by public auction or by private contract during the week of sale, or prior to advertisement.

"Twisting" the Meaning.

I notice in a brochure just issued by the National Anti-Gambling League, entitled "Is the Game Worth the Candle?" they pay me the very questionable compliment of quoting a long extract from one of my articles in supposed support of their work. Similarly is a single sentence of what John Porter once said made to denounce betting and horse-racing generally. Having written miles of copy in my time, this is all they can apparently find to distort to meet their own view of things. I have never professed that it is odds on our beating the bookmakers; in fact, my one salient tip has always been, "never bet." Yet this is very different to all-round denunciation of the Turf and racing as universal roguery—and there is never a thing a man says or does that cannot be perverted to meet different uses.

Our Jockeys.

A verbatim report of the speeches at the recent annual meeting of the Jockey Club has been perused pretty generally with interest by those in the racing world. Its lessons are obvious—primarily that the gate is assuredly here as an institution, and that we are not to have the much-agitated-for walk-up start even given a trial. However successful any one method may be, there are always ways and means of bettering it and no tenable reason for that inseparable characteristic of Englishmen—lethargy and supineness, whereby the ethics and practices of old are blindly adhered to. We should ever be willing to give a hearing and a trial to propositions of amendment. The tone of the various Jockey Club members' speeches was utterly condemnatory of our present jockeys' ability. Capable horsemen are truly born, not made, and although always believing personally in the superiority of the present rather than the past (the opposite being the general practice), there can be no gainsaying that at the moment jockeyship is at a very low ebb. It may be an utter transformation of the styles of recent years, inasmuch as the senior horseman cannot eradicate their old-time upright methods, while the beginners, as disciples of the Yankee crouch, have not yet had sufficient experience to practise it with facility and success. It was even hinted that, following on some of these suggested lines, a Jockey Club Riding School at Newmarket for the production and education of jockeys would almost become essential.

The authorities are evidently intent upon compelling jockeys to properly control their mounts and to punish any default. It will be a very narrow line to decide between incompetence of the jockey and the waywardness of his mount. Some animals not the finest horsemen extant could prevent from swerving or displaying currishness. The Jockey Club are so clearly absolutely in agreement, and antagonistic to the Press, that it can only be left for events to hew out what the procedure of future years is to be!

A Suggested Remedy.

The denunciation of poor horsemanship generally and the incessant reiteration by the Jockey Club members of the possible painful fact that jockeys have no control whatever over their horses, causes me to wonder why, under such circumstances, licences are immediately granted upon application to practically anybody of good character or to any trainer who applies for one for an apprentice. Would it not be better, in lieu of giving licences and afterwards condemning the holder's jockeyship, to create some sort of test or necessity of proving capacity BEFORE the issue of the official permit? This is exactly what is done by the National Hunt Committee regarding gentlemen riders who require to be elected. The candidates need to be proposed and seconded by members of the club, who, to an extent, more or less, vouch for their horsemanship in so far as they would not endanger their own lives and those of others riding in a race. Further, unless anyone happens to be a well-known man in the hunting field he must produce a certificate of his competency to control and ride horses from others—preferably Masters of Hounds. It is thus a great wonder that the Jockey Club have never taken a leaf out of the National Hunt Stewards' book and adopted the same methods. Yet the very laxity and farcical character of these same laws is proved by the alternative course for a gentleman rider who wishes to become "qualified." On the one hand he must do as stated—produce irrefutable evidence

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acceptable to the Stewards, that he is a capable horseman, or he need only join one of some fifty social clubs which are named—whereby he becomes equally eligible and "qualified." What earthly ground there is for supposing that membership of certain fashionable West End clubs can qualify a man to ride in a race is beyond comprehension—in fact, membership and the leading of a West End life would very much negative the likelihood. It is the countryman used to rough life and field sports who is much more certain to be a consummate, if not a born, horseman than the young aristocrat.

A Sign of the Times.

Nowadays it is no good doing as your neighbours do, and therefore although it may in some senses be a "come down" for aristocratic Sandown to eat their words relative to being above Bank Holidays meetings, they have now, through fortunate influence, been granted the approaching August date, and are immediately setting properly about providing for the cosmopolitan crowd. Thus, last week-end at Esher we saw the beginning of what must be an enormous alteration and improvement. The ordinary fashionable throng here, composed mainly of members, need no regulation. They patronise the enclosures and remain there, so that, beyond a mere sprinkling, there is practically never anyone actually on the course itself; but Bank Holiday will prove a very different thing, and bring together a bigger crowd than has ever assembled on the Esher slopes. It will be a crowd that will need to make their pleasure out on the open course, and to have their betting there among themselves. Thus the regulation of the throng will be a difficult and somewhat new experience for the executive. Towards aiding this management, new rails have now been placed the whole way of the straight, as also the full stretch of the five-furlong course. With the exits guarded by officers, and only open temporarily, people are thus kept entirely off the course. Below the stand on the right has been formed a sort of railed-in enclosure to keep the crowd off the track. This will need removing during the jumping season, for at present the last fence is enclosed. However, the whole project goes to show that Mr. W. G. Compton, and his popular lieutenant, Mr. Arthur Loraine, recognise what will be necessary on the first Monday in August, and mean to do it thoroughly, so as to give unqualified satisfaction to everybody.

Prophetic.

John Bull is expected to improve upon recent form in the Three-year-old Handicap at Headquarters to-day (Thursday) the distance being more to his liking, whilst Campag Colt, with the maiden allowance, will go close at "A.-P." on Saturday.

Hunting Horn twice ran so prominently recently that he has an obvious chance in Friday's Welter Handicap at Newmarket, whilst Eastern, too, is not out of the Waterbeach Handicap. At Alexandra Park on Saturday, where the sport will be very poor, Titan, and especially Gallinago, have chances in the respective handicaps.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

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Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

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MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.

I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.

Penylan, Nr. Ruabon.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.

Yours truly, W.J.

CAME OUT IN COMBFULS.

Hertford.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in combfuls. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.

Yours truly, A.B.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.

Ellington Road, Ramsgate.

DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.

Yours faithfully, E.H.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.

Broxburn, N.B.

DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.

Yours very sincerely, R.S.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.

Pring Street, Sydney.

DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.

Epsom Road, Guildford.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.

Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.

Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.

Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

QUITE SATISFIED.

Eccleshall, Sheffield.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.

Yours truly, J.D.

HAIR FALLING FOR 3½ YEARS.

Lichfield, Staffs.

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success, Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.

Fulham.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends. If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,

Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

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LARGE TRIAL BOX

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

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